SPECIAL COMMEMORATIVE WORLD WARS ISSUE

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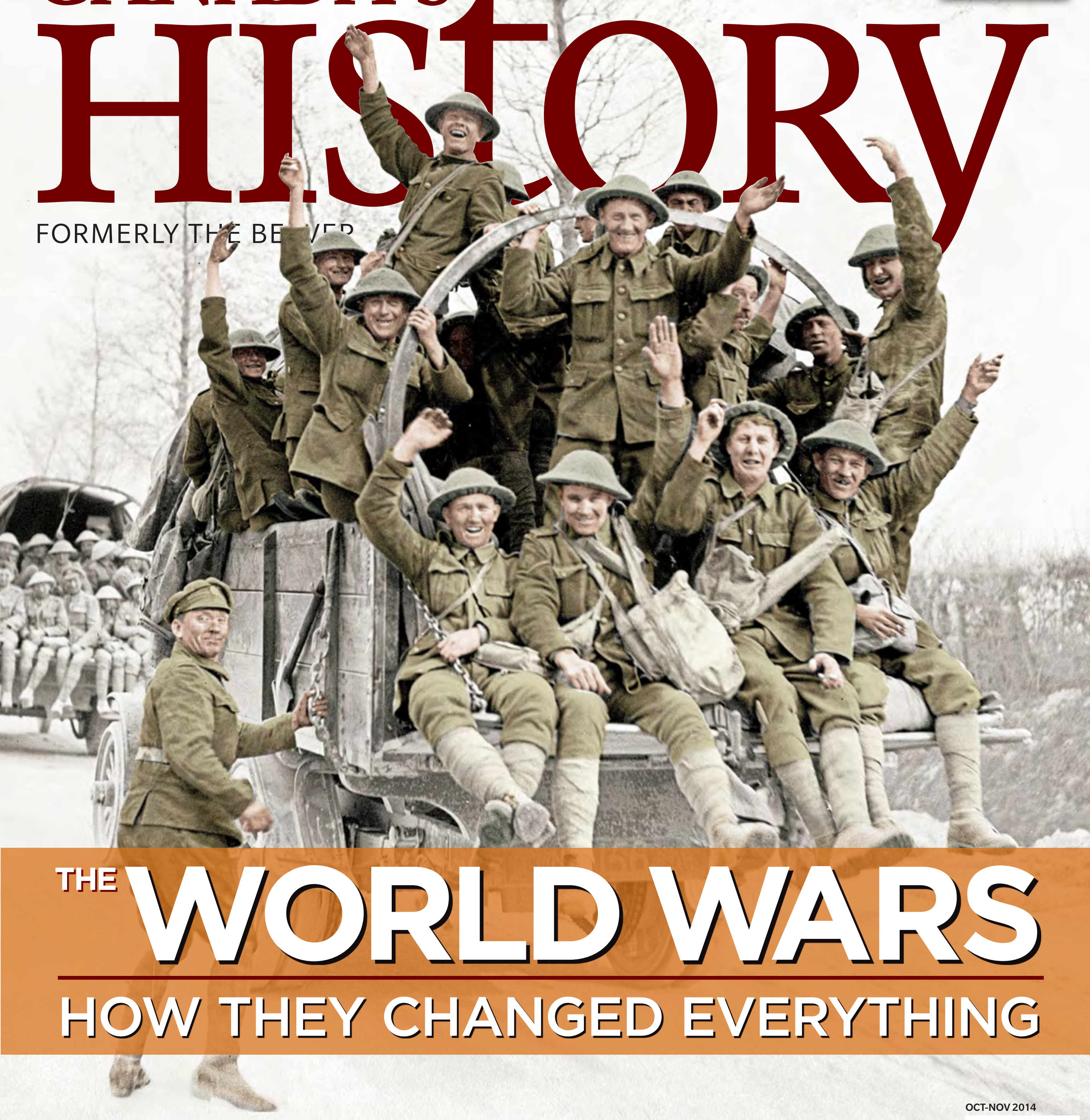

THE WORLD WARS

HOW THEY CHANGED EVERYTHING

OCT-NOV 2014

J.L. GRANATSTEIN:
HOW THE WARS TRANSFORMED CANADA

JONATHAN VANCE:
WHY WE MUST REMEMBER

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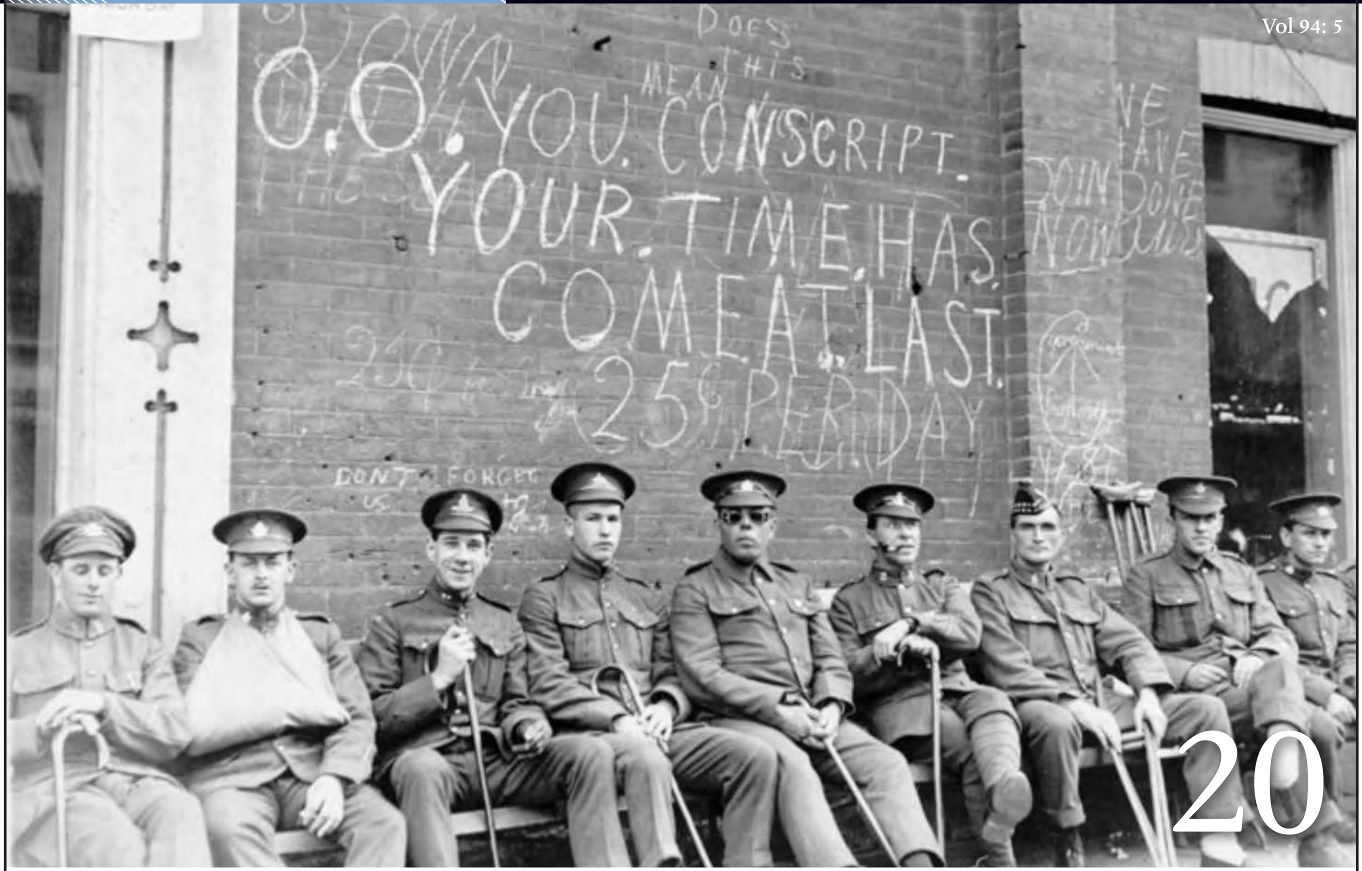
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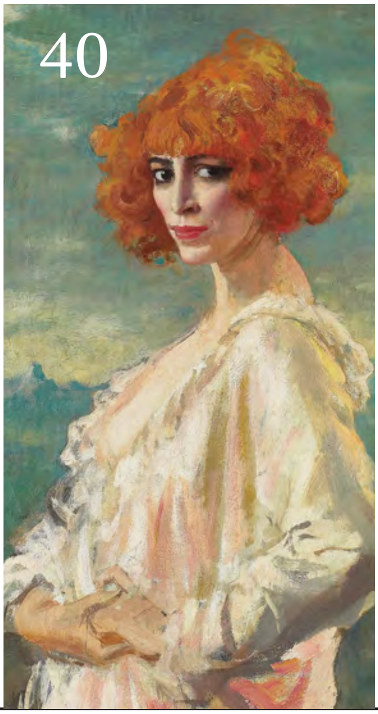

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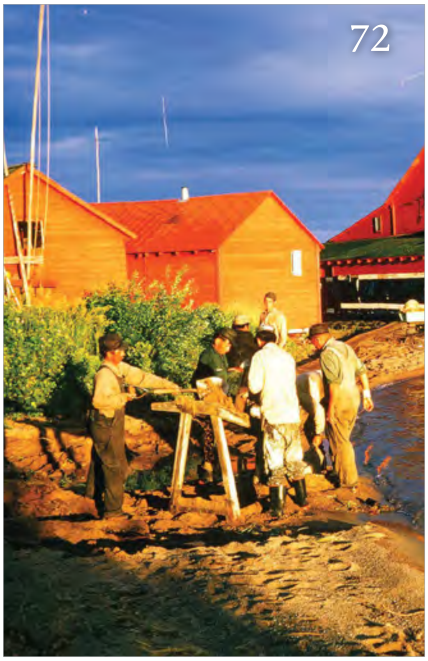

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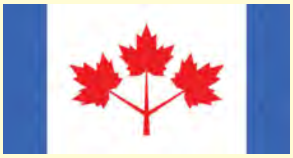

The Flag Flap

It stirs our hearts today, but, when the Maple Leaf became Canada's flag fifty years ago, some saw it as a demoralizing break with tradition.

Plus: Ties that bind: Trains and railways hold a special place in our history. And, the uncertain future of Canada's Aboriginal languages.

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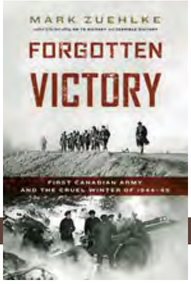

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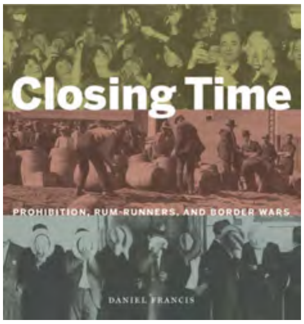

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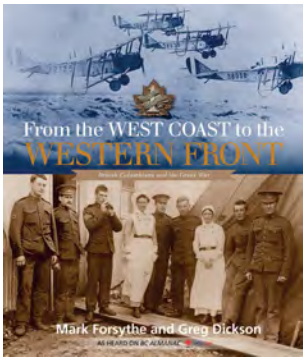

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The long view of history

On the day I stood atop Vimy Ridge, in April 2012, heavy grey storm clouds cast the Douai Plain in a leaden light. Looking out, I recognized in the distance the outline of the nearby village of Givenchy-en-Gohelle and, beyond that, the twin mountains of coal tailings that loomed over Lens.

MARIANNE HELM

It was a stunning view. But, no matter how I tried to focus on it, I couldn't stop thinking about what lay behind me: fields pocked with shell craters, now overgrown with trees and grass; the Canadian war cemetery at Neuville–Saint–Vast, filled with nearly three thousand gravestones; and, towering above it all, the soaring limestone columns of the Canadian National Vimy Memorial — unveiled in 1936 as a monument to the nearly eleven thousand fallen Canadian soldiers whose remains were never found or identified.

Back in April 1917, this ground was a slaughterhouse. Now it's a National Historic Site, a tourist attraction.

In a way, it's fitting, for we're all increasingly tourists when it comes to Canada's military history. Few of us today have any first-hand experience with war. The last of the Canadian Great War veterans died in 2010. The youngest of the Second World War veterans are all well into their late eighties. The Korean vets, the peacekeepers, the men and women who served in Afghanistan, they understand. But for most of us war is something we've seen on TV or in movies, affecting countries and peoples far from Canada. We ponder war's lessons each November 11 but then return to our daily lives.

Sometime soon, the world wars will pass from memory into history. And we will be the ones that decide how that history is remembered.

In this issue, we mark the centennial of the start of the Great War and the seventy-fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War by looking at how both world wars changed everything — killing millions, shattering empires, and redrawing maps of the world.

We begin our coverage with "Thirty Years of War," by historian J.L. Granatstein. Granatstein argues that the two world wars were really one long battle, separated by a twenty-year lull in the fighting. In his article, Granatstein explains how Canada entered this conflict in 1914 as a minor colony of Britain, but emerged in 1945 as a confident, economically booming middle power.

Our coverage continues with "Remembrance," a feature article by historian Jonathan Vance on the many ways Canadians dealt with their collective grief in the wake of the world wars.

Vance argues that the centennial of the Great War is a fitting time to rethink — and also reaffirm — our commitment to commemorating both wars.

"Pageant of War," by historian Laura Brandon of the Canadian War Museum, tells the story behind Canada's largest First World War painting — a work that was never finished.

Finally, we're proud to offer an excerpt from our new book, *Canada's Great War Album*. Featuring hundreds of never-before-seen photos, war letters, and mementoes from the First World War, *Canada's Great War Album* is intended as a tribute to the courageous men, women, and children who will be forever remembered as the Great War generation.

We hope you enjoy the book, available October 2014 at bookstores across Canada. Also, we invite you to further explore the First World War online at CanadasHistory.ca/GreatWarAlbum.

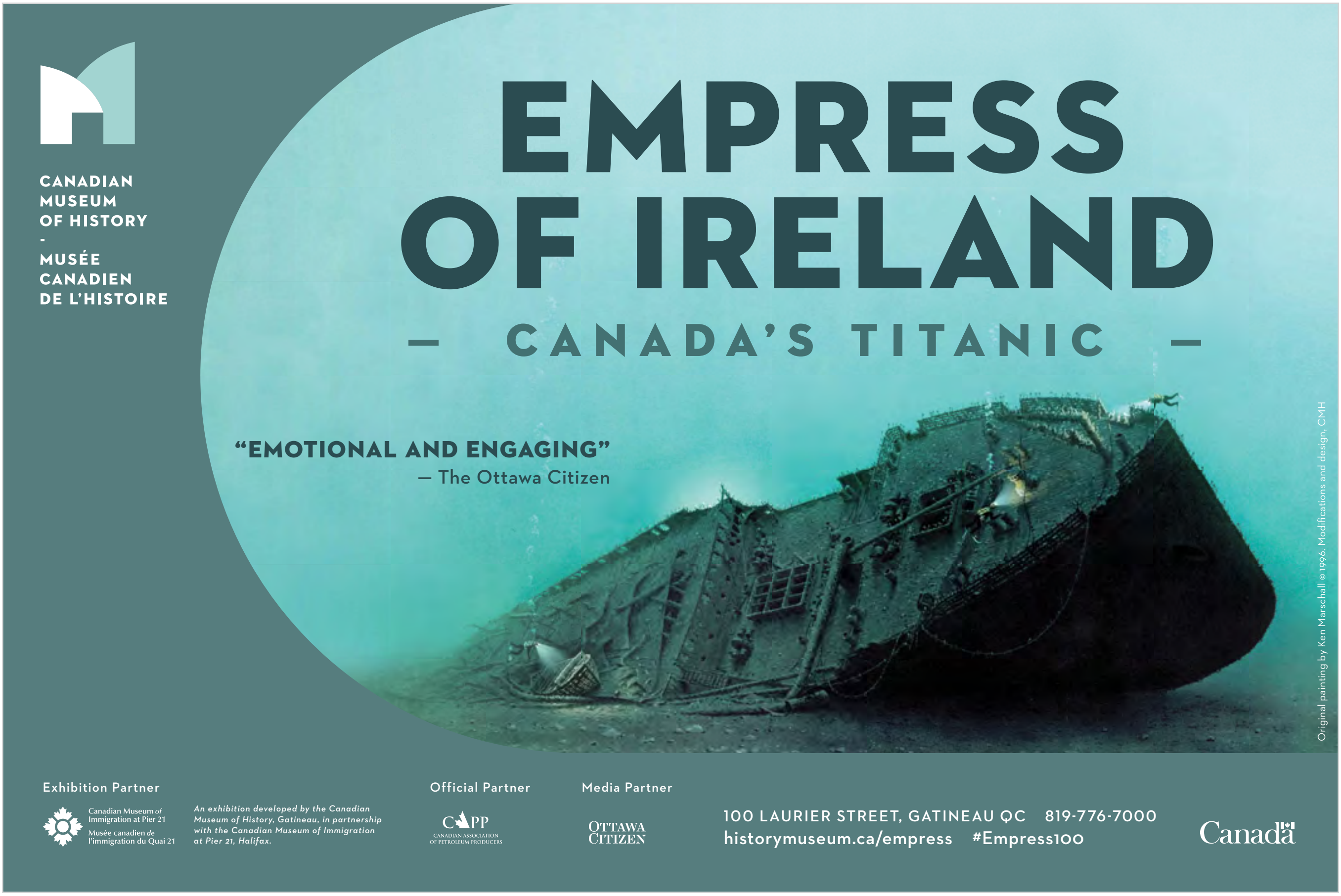
Contributors

J.L. (Jack) Granatstein, author of the feature "Thirty Years of War," taught Canadian history in Toronto for three decades, is a Fellow of the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute, and was director and CEO of the Canadian War Museum. He has written extensively on all aspects of Canadian national history. He is the author of *Canada's Army* and the co-author of the *Oxford Companion to Canadian Military History*. He recently published *The Greatest Victory: Canada's Hundred Days, 1918* (August 1914).

Jonathan F. Vance is the author of "Remembrance." Vance is a professor of history at the University of Western Ontario, where he holds the Canada Research Chair in Conflict and Culture. He has written ten books, including *Death So Noble: Memory, Meaning, and the First World War*, which won the Sir John A. Macdonald Prize, the C. P. Stacey Award, and the Dafoe Book Prize. A frequent contributor to *Canada's History*, Vance is on the advisory committee of the Canadian Museum for Human Rights.

Laura Brandon, who wrote "Pageant of War," is the director of research, exhibition and interpretation at the Canadian War Museum. She is also the author of *Art or Memorial? The Forgotten History of Canada's War Art* (2006) and *Art and War* (2007). Of her more than forty exhibitions, the most recent is Witness: Canadian First World War Art (2014). Brandon was educated at the University of Bristol, Queen's University, and Carleton University. She is an adjunct professor in the School for Studies in Art and Culture at Carleton.

Glenn Sigurdson grew up in an Icelandic community on the shore of Lake Winnipeg and wrote about it in his autobiography, *Vikings on a Prairie Ocean*. In this issue's Your Story, Sigurdson tells of how his upbringing influenced who he is today. An adjunct professor at Simon Fraser University, Sigurdson is also the co-author of *Building Consensus for a Sustainable Future: Putting Principles Into Practice*. Sigurdson has worked as a mediator, lawyer, facilitator, and negotiator. He now lives in British Columbia.



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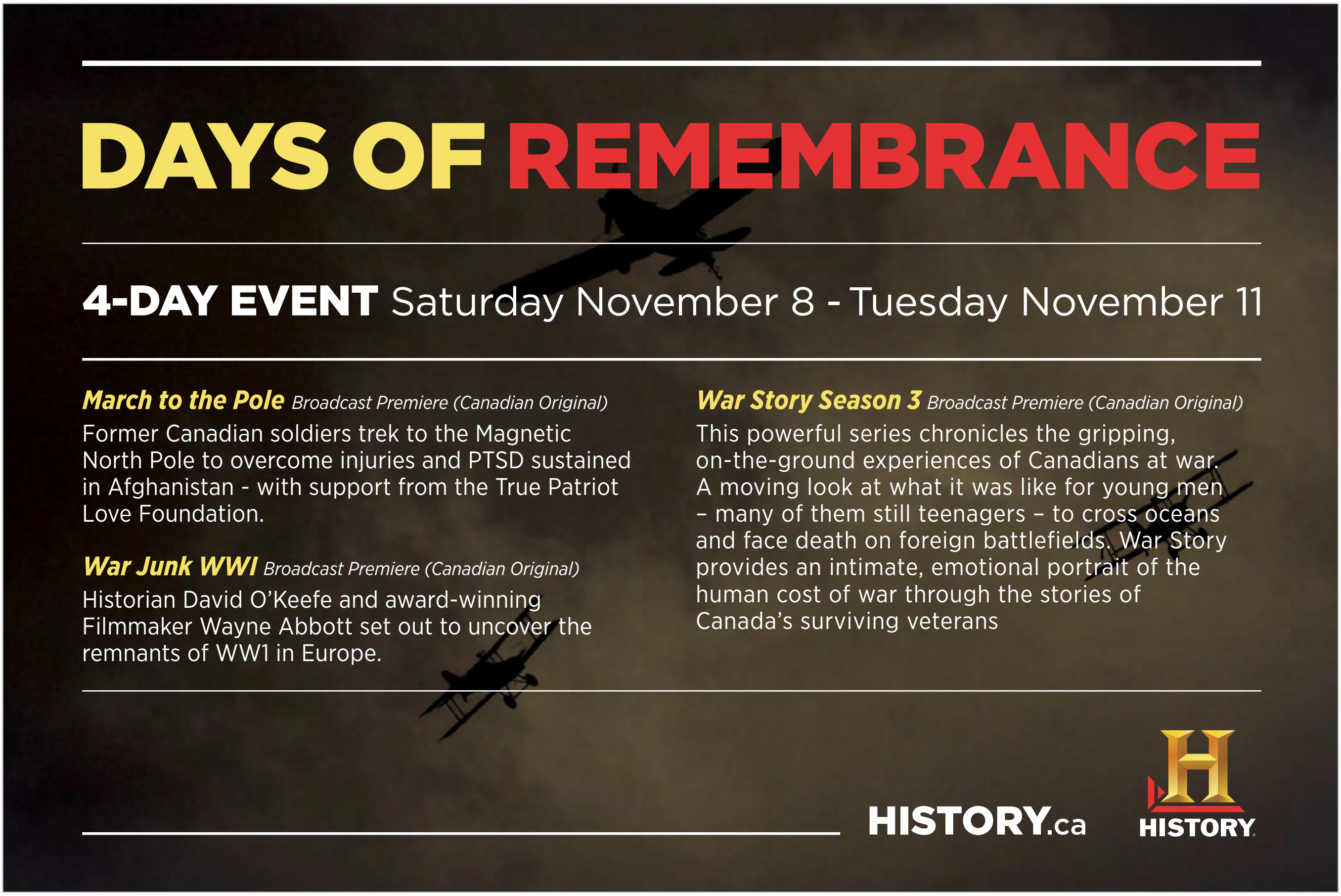

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Picture worth a thousand fibs

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My family and I had to smile on reading the authentic, I presume, report of General James Wolfe's last words alongside the famous painting by Benjamin West ["What It's Like," August-September 2014]. The words may be true; the painting is not.

West's work is inaccurate, and he knew it. Only four or five British soldiers were on hand, as far as can be determined, at Wolfe's death. West shows thirteen, of whom only one was actually among those who were there! Behind Wolfe, with the kilt flying, is the red-headed Colonel Simon Fraser, a distant relative of mine, who was not at the battle, having been wounded at Louisbourg. West reportedly demanded one hundred pounds from those who wished to be included in his painting. General Hale, who was there, refused to pay and is not included.

It was also one of the first major paintings to show men in the uniforms they actually wore on the battlefield. West promoted it brilliantly.

Ian Fraser McKee
Halifax

Where's the money?

The article regarding the Canadian Museum for Human Rights ["Rallying Point," August-September 2014], due to open in Winnipeg in September, gave us fine descriptions of the concept and accomplishments by all involved. However, there was no mention of the cost to taxpayers of this fine Canadian memorial to human rights. We were only told that the museum "has faced questions about its financial model."

Would it be crass of me to bring up the subject of money in regard to such a noble venture? The estimated costs [in 2011] were $351 million with annual operating costs of $22 million. Presumably, these three-year-old figures are now due for revisions. The depth of taxpayers' pockets is certainly another "human rights" issue.

George Dunbar
Toronto

General Currie deserves more

What a wonderful effort from the town of Strathroy, Ontario, in raising the funds and commissioning a sculptor to erect a bronze statue that will honour Sir Arthur Currie, Canada's outstanding Great War general and the hero of Vimy Ridge ["Towering Tribute," August-September 2104].

However, what does it say about our country and our government when this important figure in our history has to go begging for the funds for a statue in his place of birth? The government was happy to spend millions to commemorate the War of 1812 but couldn't come up with $100,000 for our most famous military figure?

Blane Hogue
Calgary

Battlefield reflections

The article "Canada's History offers European battlefield tours" in August-September 2014 brought back memories of my brief visit to France and Belgium in 1995. I, too, was overwhelmed by the fields of so many white grave markers as well as the Vimy Ridge and Menin Gate memorials. When you read the names of the fallen, you start to better appreciate their sacrifices — such a senseless period in world history.

Ross Herrington
Regina

Life and death

I am pleased that you included a review of Peter Johnson's illuminating history of British Columbia's William Head Quarantine Station in your August-September 2014 issue. I remember as a boy accompanying my dad to deliver groceries to a shed at the station for the inhabitants of the offshore Bentinck Island leper colony.

Many of us who grew up near the quarantine station had little idea of the station's history. In my view, a suitable epitaph for the facility would read: "Protected Canada's western gateway against the scourge of deadly communicable disease."

George Duddy
White Rock, British Columbia

Soul-stirring music

I was a bugler during the Second World War with the Grey & Simcoe Foresters, 2nd Battalion Bugle Band. I therefore enjoyed the article "Last Post" in the June-July 2014 issue. Thanks for the memories, and I am glad to hear that the bugle will continue to be cherished by the Canadian Forces. The distinctive sound of the bugle lifts one's soul and provides comfort to the grieving.

Edward B. Swinton
Mississauga, Ontario

Boom box bugling

Having recently moved to Belgium, I had the opportunity in 2013 to attend Remembrance Day ceremonies at the Canadian National Vimy Memorial. Imagine the surprise and consternation of myself and others when "Taps," "Last Post," "O Canada," and "God Save the Queen" were played on a boom box! Even the park staff were visibly uncomfortable and chagrined during the musical portion of the ceremony.

Robert Angi
Brussels, Belgium

Email comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Include your address and phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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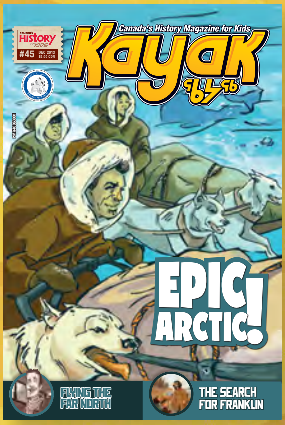
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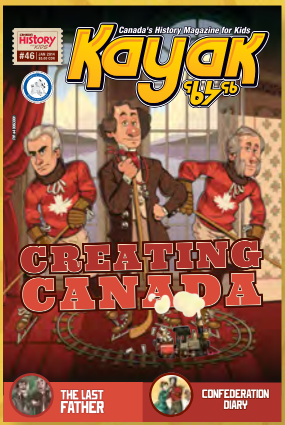
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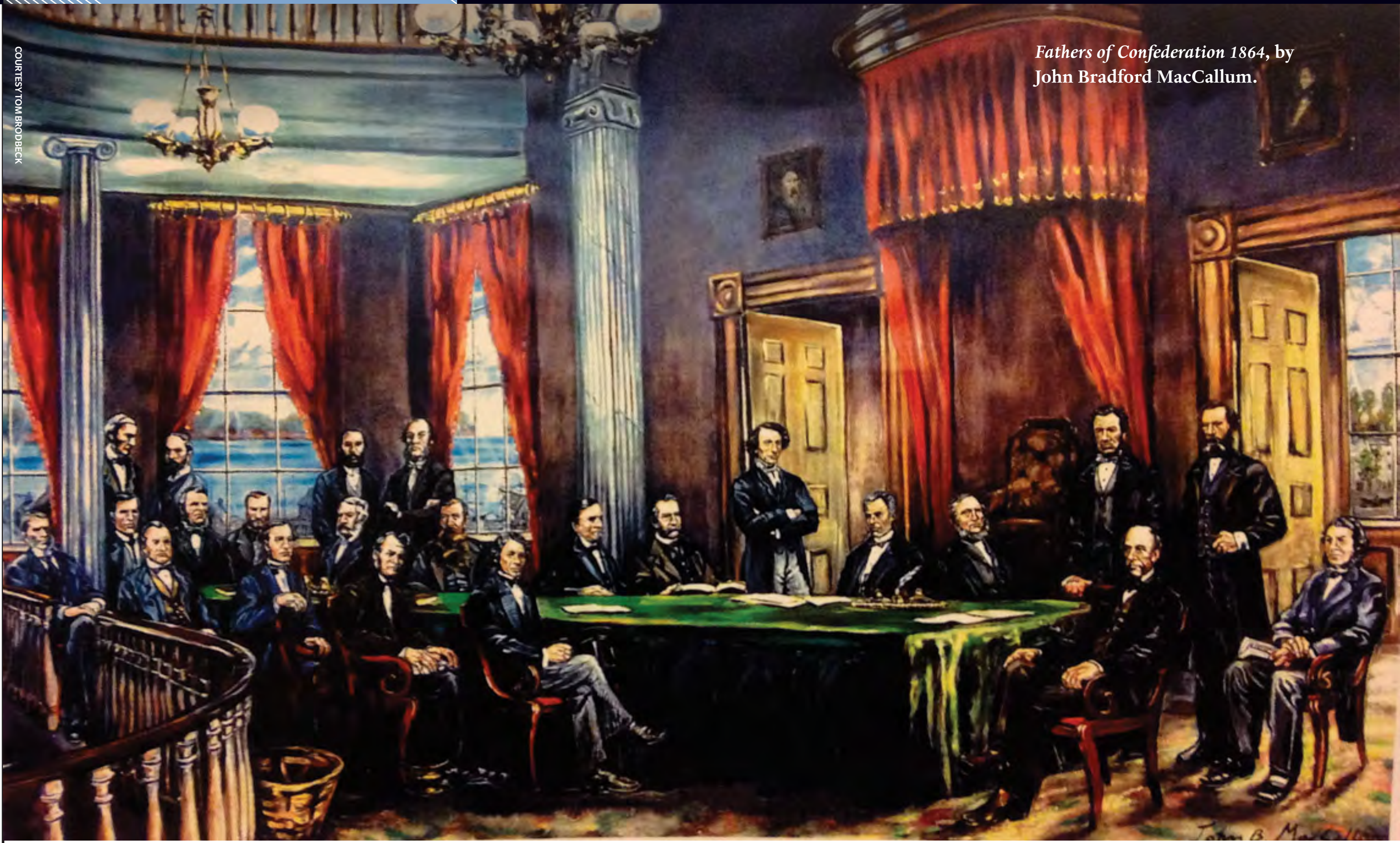


Fathers of Confederation 1864, by John Bradford MacCallum.

COURTESY TOM BRODBECK

Brush strokes in time

New Confederation painting brings 1864 Charlottetown Conference to life.

It hangs breathtakingly in the foyer of the Holman Grand Hotel in downtown Charlottetown — twenty-three Fathers of Confederation depicted in a stunning 3.2-by-4.5-metre oil painting.

It would be easy to mistake it for an older, classic portrait of the framers of Canada's Constitution. But it's not. The painting, completed in 2000 but unveiled just last year, is a newer and entirely original illustration of the September 1864 Charlottetown Conference. It took some time for this exquisite piece to find a home.

"It's a pretty big painting to put anywhere," said John Bradford MacCallum, a native Islander who began work on the painting in 1997. "I just wasn't finding the right spot for it."

So he stored it in his uncle's barn in Winsloe, Prince Edward Island — just outside the capital city — for thirteen years, awaiting a location large enough to display what he hopes will one day become a Canadian classic.

It wasn't until management at the Holman got wind of the portrait in 2013 that they invited MacCallum to hang it in the hotel's busy lobby, right across the street from Province House, the provincial legislature where the famous meetings took place. As fate would have it, Charlottetown — indeed, all of Canada — is celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Charlottetown Conference this year, a fitting time for MacCallum to introduce his masterpiece to Canadians.

MacCallum, a self-taught painter, says the portrait — which draws long gazes and inquisitive chatter from passersby — couldn't be in a better place right now.

"It's right there for the people, you know — you walk right into it," he said. "That's what I like about it — you can just walk right there to the painting, eye-to-eye."

— **Tom Brodbeck**

TAKE THE DAY OFF

October 7

To observe the day in 1963 when Front de Libération du Québec co-founders Gabriel Hudon and Raymond Villeneuve pleaded guilty to involuntary homicide. Remember their victim.

October 22

To mark the formation of the Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara, and St. Catharines Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Company — Canada's first — on this date in 1846. Send a text message.

BY THE NUMBERS

The KKK in Canada

The Ku Klux Klan originated in Tennessee in 1865, but by 1925 the odious organization had established chapters across Canada. Dedicated to the supremacy of Anglo-Saxon Protestant society, the KKK was feared, particularly in the American South, for its use of violence to impose its bigoted beliefs upon communities. The organization's presence was minimal across Canada, except in Saskatchewan, where membership grew large enough to influence the outcome of the 1929 provincial election, which the governing Liberals lost. After the onset of the Great Depression, the Klan disbanded in Saskatchewan and elsewhere in Canada. However, as recently as 2007, KKK organizers were attempting to refound the group in Saskatchewan. **— Jessica Knapp**

46,500

Estimated number of Klan members in Saskatchewan in 1927.

600

Free memberships issued in 1927 to clergy and prominent businessmen in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

15

The dollar amount for a membership circa 1927.

100

Saskatchewan towns with KKK chapters in 1928.

60

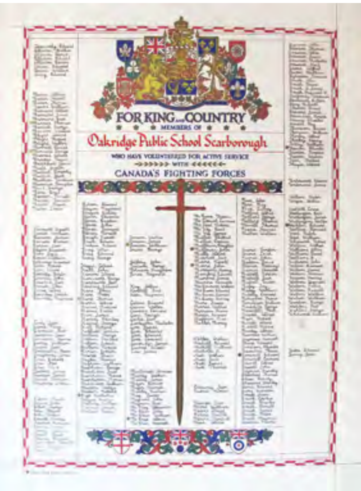
Height, in feet, of a cross that was burned at the end of a June 1927 KKK meeting in Moose Jaw.

22

Seats the Saskatchewan Liberal Party, which actively opposed the Klan, lost in the 1929 election.

2

Fraud charges faced in 1927 by Klan organizer Pat Emmons, who was acquitted on both charges.



FOR KING AND COUNTRY
MEMBERS OF
Oakridge Public School Scarborough
WHO HAVE VOLUNTEERED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH
CANADA'S FIGHTING FORCES

Recognizing veterans' service

A fast-growing database of veterans has become a boon to descendants of Toronto-area men and women who served in the world wars.

The database, created by volunteers with the Toronto branch of the Ontario Genealogical Society, contains more than thirty-five thousand names of veterans who attended schools in Toronto prior to their time in uniform.

The For King and Country database drew the bulk of its collection from the memorials of ninety city schools. The searchable collection includes transcriptions and photographs of school war memorials along with historical background and links to other useful school and community websites.

The most recent schools to be included are Oakridge Public School and Danforth Technical School. Danforth Tech sent more students, alumni, and staff — 2,235 volunteers — than any other school in the Commonwealth.

The database is timely, as 2014 marks the centennial of the start of the First World War, and the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Second World War.

To explore For King and Country, go to CanadasHistory.ca/VeteransDatabase.

— Mark Reid

October 31

To remember the wreck of the Royal Navy's HMS *Ontario*, then the largest British ship on the Great Lakes, on this date in 1780. Stay anchored.

November 5

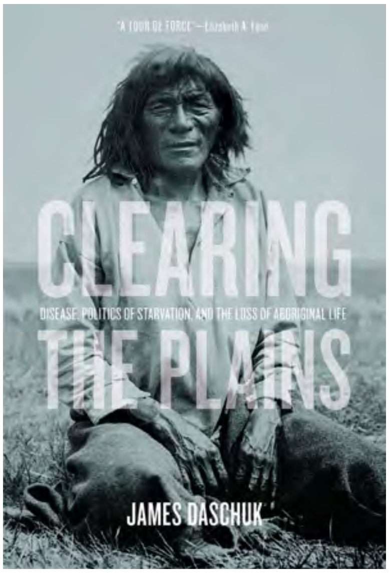
To commemorate the merger of the North West Company with the breakaway XY Company on this date in 1804. Reconcile with a rival.

November 8

To note the day in 1603 when French King Henri IV appointed Pierre Du Gua de Monts as his lieutenant general for the "New World." Make travel plans.

Tragedy on the prairies

An interview with the author of *Clearing the Plains.*


"A TOUR DE FORCE" —Elizabeth A. Fenn
CLEARING THE PLAINS
DISEASE, POLITICS OF STARVATION, AND THE LOSS OF ABORIGINAL LIFE
JAMES DASCHUK

The book *Clearing the Plains: Disease, Politics of Starvation, and the Loss of Aboriginal Life*, is a scathing indictment of the Canadian government's treatment of First Nations people in the late 1800s. The non-fiction title claimed top prize at the 2014 Canadian Historical Association awards. *Canada's History* spoke recently with its author, James Daschuk, a historian and assistant professor in the Faculty of Kinesiology and Health Studies at the University of Regina.

Canada's History: What inspired you to write your book?

James Daschuk: *What I was looking for was the origin of the gap between the population of First Nations communities and that of mainstream Canadians. As I looked back, almost as soon as the treaties were signed — they were completed in the 1870s — First Nations people not only lost their health, they had their health taken away from them through federal government policies.*

Canada's History: What surprised you the most?

James Daschuk: *The vast majority of the Canadian plains — this is the Saskatchewan plains — along the railroad were actually ethnically cleansed of First Nations people in preparation for the arrival of European Canadian settlement. I live in Saskatchewan, and that's part of our myth — we are the breadbasket of the world. What I was shocked to find, over the years, is that the breadbasket of the world — the foundation of that society — is based on a famine.*

Canada's History: Was the famine inflicted on purpose?

James Daschuk: *It was done to be as close to actual starvation — those were Sir John A's words to Parliament. It wasn't an accident. This was part of government policy, to essentially displace First Nations people from their territory, from their niche in the environment, and to open up to settlement. By the time mainstream Canadians did set up the breadbasket, they had no idea First Nations people had been occupying that territory, because they had been displaced for a generation or two.*

Canada's History: What lesson, if any, does your research offer us?

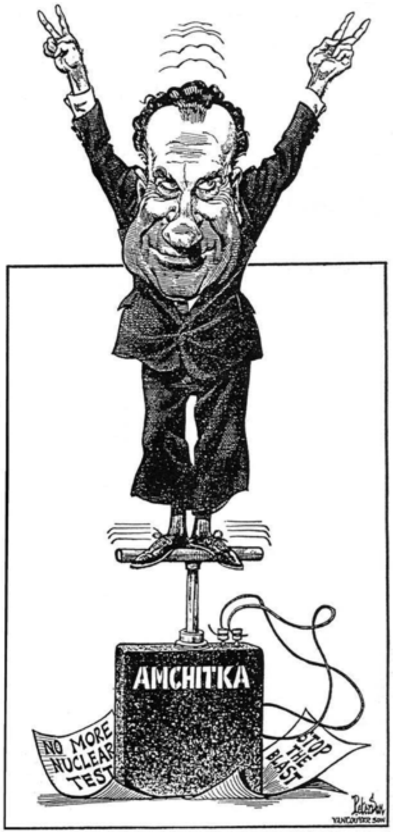
James Daschuk: *With mainstream Canadians, a lot of us just don't know history. It may be a bit presumptuous, but maybe [my goal was to stage] a little historical intervention on our view of ourselves as a benign people and a benign state — because an awful lot of First Nations people don't see it that way.*

CLEARING THE PLAINS

JARRETT CROWE

To listen to a podcast interview with James Daschuk, go to CanadasHistory.ca/Books

LAUGH LINES



This cartoon by Roy Peterson appeared in the November 1, 1971, edition of the *Vancouver Sun*.

A real blast

In 1971 the United States government decided to detonate an underground nuclear bomb on Amchitka Island in the Aleutian chain off the Alaska coast.

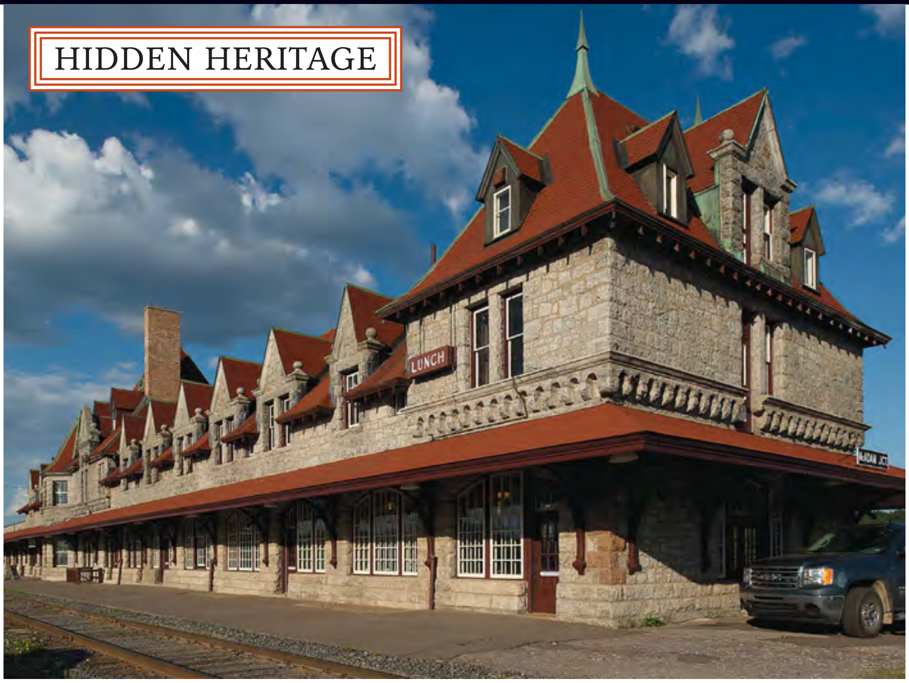
Canadians living on the west coast were acutely aware that the island was situated on the earthquake-prone Ring of Fire surrounding the Pacific Ocean. They feared that the blast might trigger an earthquake and set off a tidal wave that would affect the British Columbia coast.

The newly formed environmental group Greenpeace led a campaign in protest of the blast. Cartoonist Roy Peterson demonized American President Richard Nixon, who defied world opinion in agreeing to the blast.

— **Charles Hou**

Charles Hou is the author of several books about historical Canadian political cartoons.

HIDDEN HERITAGE


COURTESY PETER COFFMAN

McAdam Railway Station

McAdam, New Brunswick, 1900, Edward Maxwell

It really ought not to be here. In a New Brunswick village whose entire population would fit into a large university auditorium, this sprawling, granite giant appears to spring from nowhere, for no reason. But for decades the whole world seemed to pass through McAdam daily, on its way to the fashionable seaside resort of St. Andrews and its famed Algonquin Hotel. McAdam Railway Station was where people paused to sleep, change trains, eat, and socialize.

The station was commissioned in 1900 by Canadian Pacific Railway president William Cornelius Van Horne (he's the one standing beside Sandford Fleming and Donald Smith in the famed last spike photo of 1885). This was the golden age of the railway, when high society travelled in style to the nation's great urban and scenic destinations. In McAdam Station, passengers had dinner on white linen and fine china in the dining room, often finishing the meal with one of the station's famed assortment of railroad pies (the cream pie was said to be even better than Boston's).

Guests passed the night comfortably in the hotel wing of the second floor, while the young staff slept in dorms in the attic.

Drunken or unruly passengers were left to ponder their vices in the prison cell at the back of the station. Bustling, plush, and proud, McAdam station was a small but worthy relation to its colossal CPR sibling hotels in Banff, Alberta, Toronto, Ottawa, and Quebec City.

By the 1960s, traffic through McAdam had dwindled from about sixteen trains per day to one. The last passenger train rolled out of McAdam in 1994. The village's population dropped with the railway, leaving this stunning building as a museum and a monument to the age when the nation's elite travelled by rail. —**Peter Coffman**

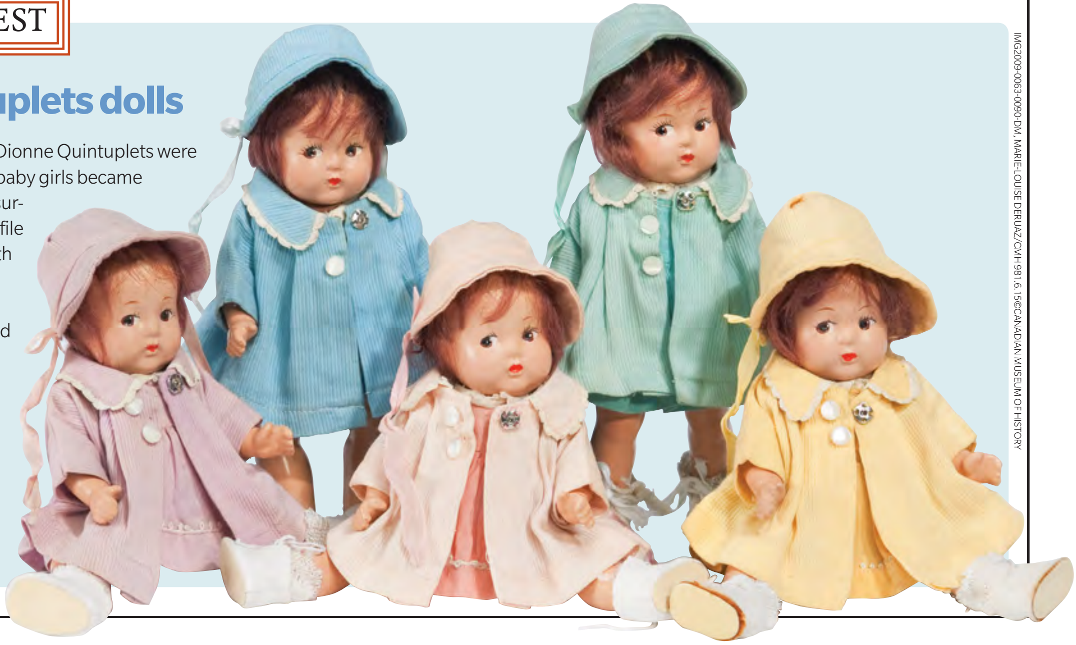
Submitted by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See Canada-Architecture.org.

OBJECT OF INTEREST

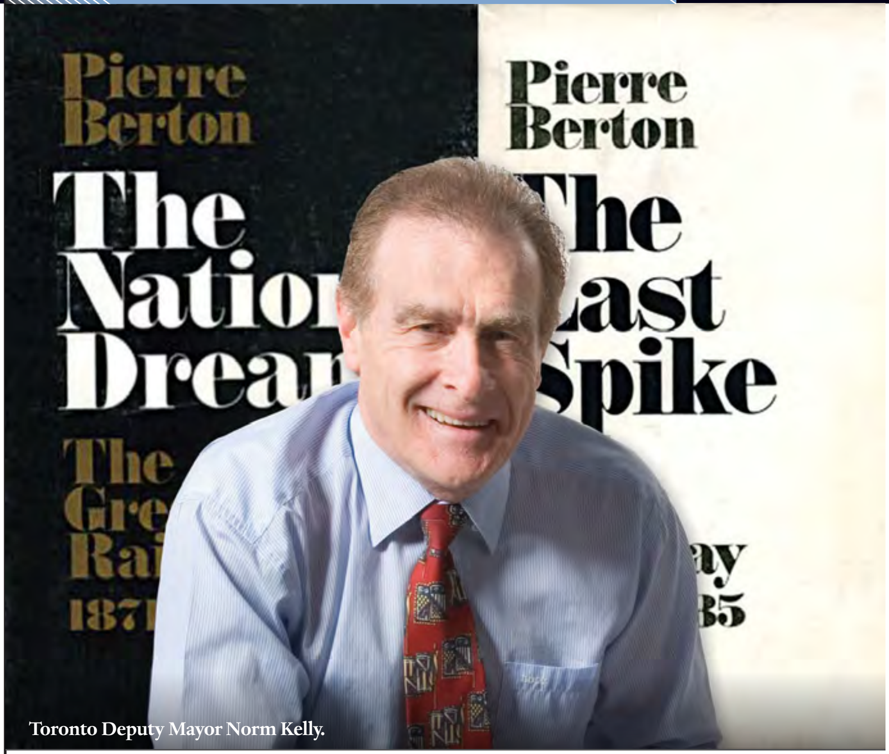
Dionne Quintuplets dolls

On May 28, 1934, the famous Dionne Quintuplets were born in northern Ontario. The baby girls became the first quintuplets known to survive infancy and were high-profile media figures in the 1930s, both in Canada and abroad. The Madame Alexander Doll Company of New York manufactured these Dionne Quintuplet dolls around 1935.

These artifacts are from the national collection of the Canadian Museum of History.


IMG2009-0063-0090-DM, MARIE-LOUISE DERUAZ/CMH 981.6.15©CANADIAN MUSEUM OF HISTORY

CHRISTOPHER MOORE



Toronto Deputy Mayor Norm Kelly.

TANNIS TOOHEY / GETSTOCK.COM

Mayor with a past

Rob Ford's replacement is a historian who once worked for Pierre Berton.

There I was in a faculty lounge at the University of Toronto, discussing the Byzantine Empire with the mayor of Toronto.

Rob Ford has heard of the Byzantine Empire?

Well, no. When Toronto city council stripped Mayor Ford of his powers in the midst of all that craziness about drugs, guns, lies, and Jimmy Kimmel, his responsibilities passed to a calm political veteran: Deputy Mayor Norm Kelly.

I'd read of Norm Kelly. Pierre Berton, in the acknowledgment pages of *The Great Railway* (published in two volumes), made a point of saluting his researcher, Norman Kelly, M.A. I'd wondered what became of that mysterious researcher.

Forty-five years on, Norm Kelly was hiding in plain sight. We had a historian leading the city of Toronto.

Recently, when the University of Toronto's Munk School of Global Affairs held a conference on the centenary of the First World War, Kelly agreed to chair one of the sessions — a rare but pleasant return to historical turf. I caught up with him there, and we started by discussing his Berton years.

"For once in his life, Berton was too busy to get all his work done by himself," Kelly said. In a brief meeting, Berton introduced his railway history idea, and they agreed that Kelly would head to the archives for a couple of weeks of reconnaissance.

"I came back and told him, 'You don't have a book.'

"He was aghast. 'What do you mean, I don't have a book? I have to have a book.'

"'You don't have a book. You have two books!'"

As Kelly recalls it, they quickly sorted out the story arc for each book, and their collaboration for the next couple of years was set. It proved to be mostly a relationship by mail. With a stipend and expenses from Berton, Kelly travelled to archives around the country. He shipped research for each chapter to Berton, and Berton would mail chapters back to him. "They were his first drafts, but they would have been anyone else's fourth or fifth. I would make comments and send them back. I might suggest issues. He was a good listener."

Kelly went on to head the history department at Upper Canada College. But when I asked if he had intended a career in history he told me his political career began much earlier. High school elections led to student politics at Western University, eventually to municipal politics in Scarborough, Ontario, and then to a stint as a Liberal MP and parliamentary secretary at the end of the Trudeau years.

Did his immersion in Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's Pacific Scandal and other great scenes of parliamentary history affect the new MP? "It helped make it familiar. I knew the game. I knew it was a team sport. There were times I could feel how John A. Macdonald would have operated in the House, or Mackenzie King."

A historical sense comes in handy, he says. "There is a French historian who writes about the long wave of history. Sometimes, in council, it helps to think about the long wave of history. You need to consider, can you change things in a meaningful way by taking part?"

Famously calm and unflustered, Kelly recalls being asked if he ever needed pills to stay that way. "No. You need to reflect that not a lot is new. It helps that I maintain an interest in Byzantine history."

I asked if his historical sense gave him a special interest in heritage matters. But Kelly, part of the suburban conservative bloc on Toronto council, was not about to give Rob Ford room to attack him as a big-spending gravy-train liberal.

"The architecture of Toronto appeals to me greatly. The brick, it has a warmth…." And, he says, a proposal for a city of Toronto museum "would be terrific! But you have to ask how much it will cost and who pays — and where it fits in the big picture."

Kelly alluded to a German thinker who argued that a civilization that is moving forward reflects less on its past than one that is declining. I don't agree. But then I never expected a big-city mayor to quote Nietzsche, either.

Historian and author Christopher Moore comments regularly in Canada's History.

HM

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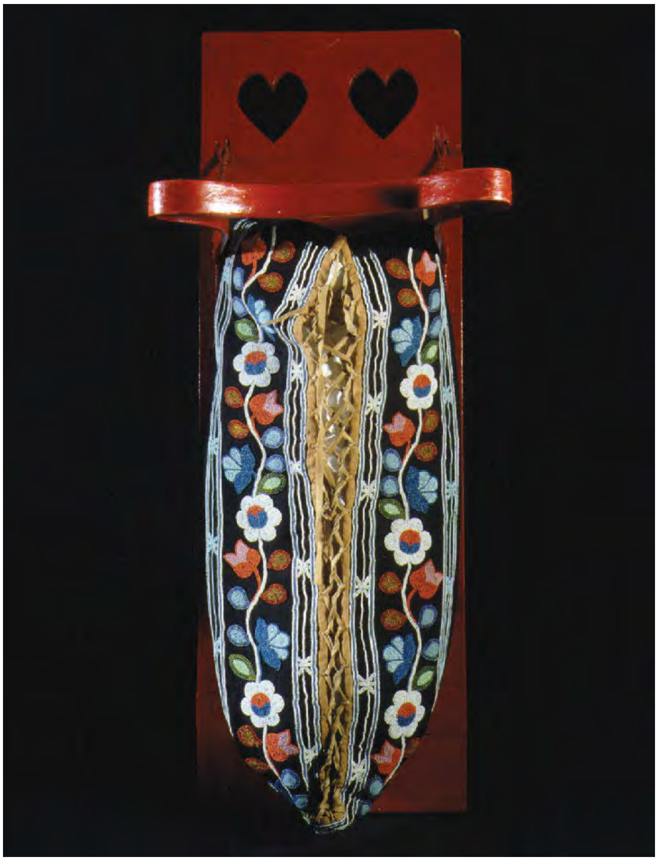
CANADA'S HISTORY

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



THE MANITOBA MUSEUM, HBC MUSEUM COLLECTION

Anishinabe cradle board

This object, called a tikanagan, likely once carried a heartily crying baby. A type of cradleboard, the tikanagan was an ingenious piece of Aboriginal child care technology that served as the contemporary equivalent of a crib, a carriage, a high chair, and a playpen. It was designed to keep infants warm and safe and to make them easy to carry about. The construction of the cradle bag was the responsibility of the mother and her female relatives, while the husband or a close male relative made the carrying board. The protruding hoop on the cradleboard served to protect the child's head during an accidental fall. The hoop was also used to suspend protective amulets and playthings as well as cloth coverings that kept at bay both mosquitoes and cold weather. Tikanagans were often passed from generation to generation.

In The Beaver …

90 years ago

Flower power

The Beaver
A Journal of Progress

In the July 1924 issue, readers were introduced to the story of "Canada's First Dope Peddlers." R.H. Hall, a former fur trade commissioner, writes in "Wondaw" of an unnamed flower growing on British Columbia's Queen Charlotte Islands and which, if ingested, "produced a happy mental condition, followed by sleep."

60 years ago

Fly-in reading

The Winter 1954 issue featured a story on the early days of airmail delivery into northern Canada. Writer Frank H. Ellis recounts the slow growth of the service and mentions a female flyer, "Miss Katherine Stinson," as holding the honour in 1918 of piloting the first ever airmail delivery between Calgary and Edmonton — which, at that time, was considered as being located in "the north."

30 years ago

Land grab

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES
BRITISH COLUMBIA
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
NEWFOUNDLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
1882

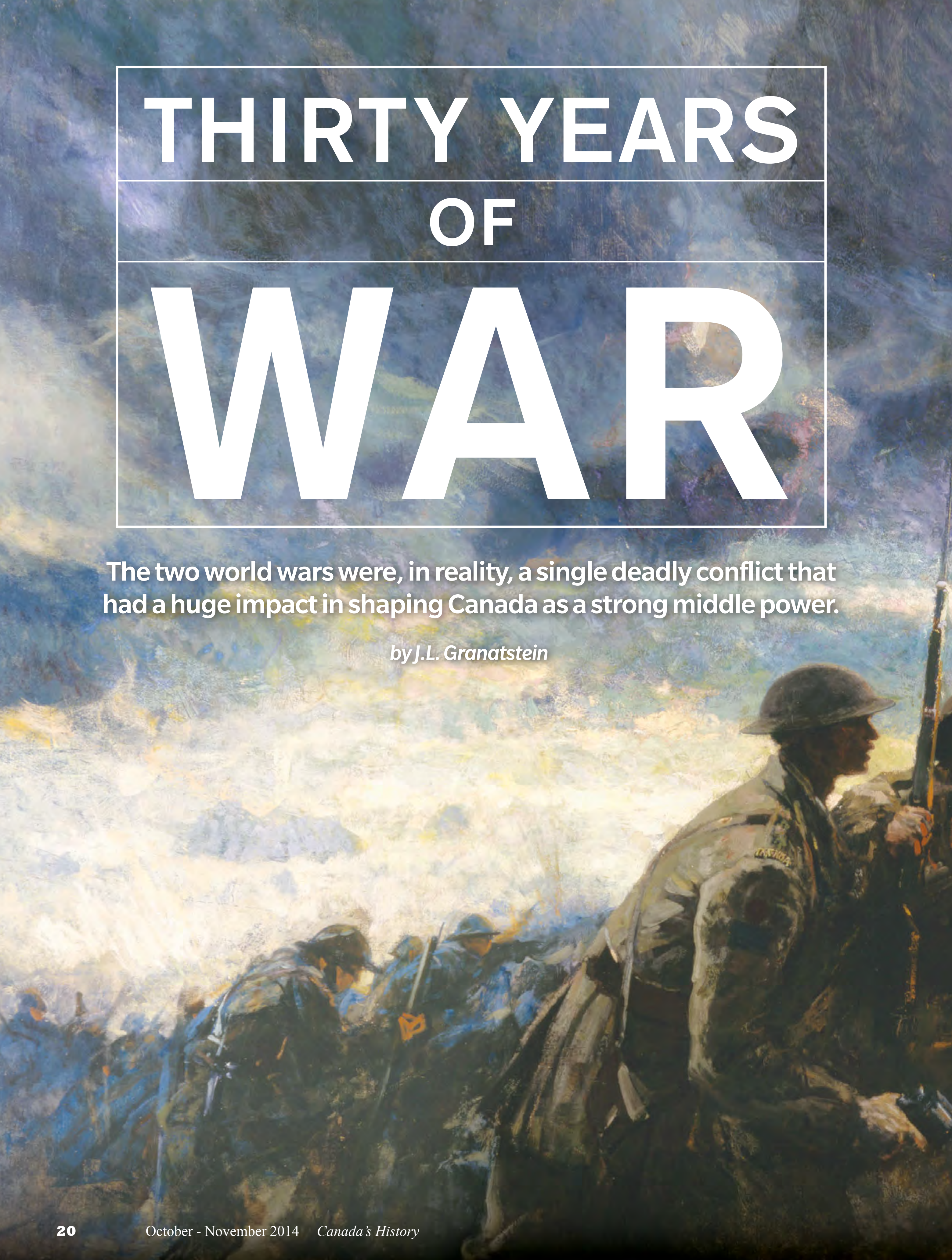
In the Autumn 1984 issue, journalism professor Carman Cumming wrote an article entitled "The Plot to Buy the Canadian Northwest." Cumming told of a scheme hatched a century earlier by Welland, Ontario's E.A.C. Pew that involved purchasing the lands from Manitoba to the Rockies, and north from there, and then agreeing to annexation by the United States — in exchange for $30 million.

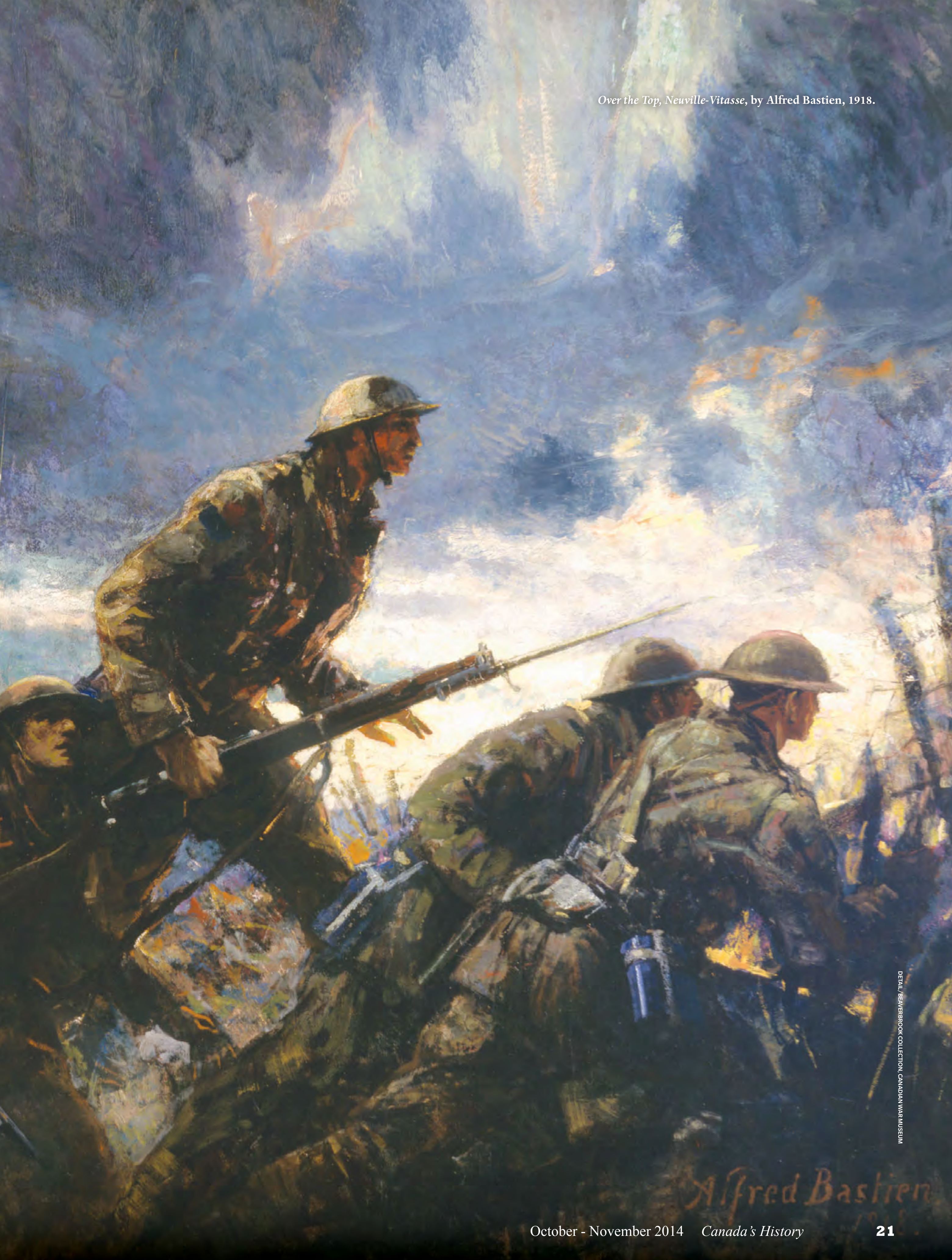
The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to: **CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to: **hbcheritage.ca**.

THIRTY YEARS OF WAR

The two world wars were, in reality, a single deadly conflict that had a huge impact in shaping Canada as a strong middle power.

by J.L. Granatstein





Over the Top, Neuville-Vitasse, by Alfred Bastien, 1918.

DETAIL/BEAVERBROOK COLLECTION, CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

The period from 1914 to 1945 — two conflicts with a two-decade-long armistice between rounds — can be seen as the "German Thirty Years War" of the twentieth century. It began when Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany — a powerful, populous industrial dynamo with a very strong army and navy — waged a ruthless war against enemies east and west and almost prevailed. By 1917, the war in the east had brought down the czarist regime in Russia and led directly to the formation of a Bolshevik government. In the west, great swathes of France and Belgium were left in ruins. Germany itself was not devastated, though the Allied blockade slowly starved the home front, and German military casualties were huge. The defeat in the field in November 1918 led to the abdication of the kaiser and the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

But because it only involved a relatively brief occupation of German soil, the defeat in 1918 quickly came to be portrayed by German leaders as a "stab in the back," the result of cowardly actions by socialists and Jews that betrayed the fighting men. The Treaty of Versailles, imposed on the Germans by the Allies in Paris in 1919, blamed the war on Berlin and demanded huge reparations.

Right-wing revanchist groups at once sprang up, fought socialists and communists in the streets, railed against the treaty's conditions, and — appalled by the degeneracy of German life, art, and music — rose to power in 1933 when Adolf Hitler became chancellor at the head of a National Socialist (Nazi) government. Rearmament, forbidden under the Versailles Treaty, commenced at once, and enemies of the state were herded into concentration camps.

PUBLIC DOMAIN

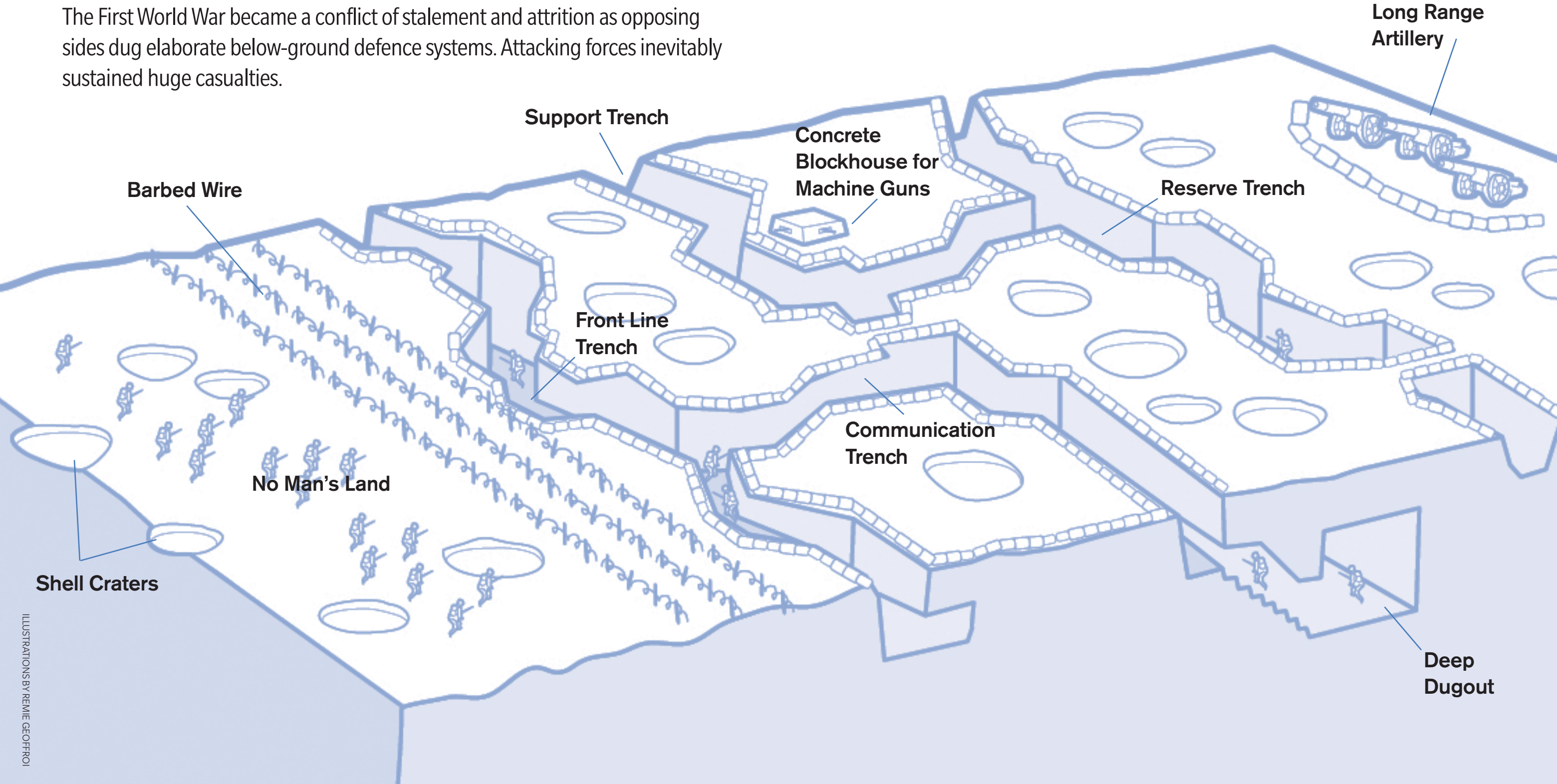
> "A momentous hour has struck for Germany. Envious rivals everywhere force us to legitimate defence."
>
> **— Kaiser Wilhelm II:** Speech from the Balcony of the Royal Palace, Berlin, July 31, 1914

If Kaiser Wilhelm II had been impulsively mad, Hitler was shrewdly impulsive. He proclaimed his interest in peace, something that sounded good to the war-weary democracies struggling with the effects of the Great Depression. But, at the same time, Hitler pressured his neighbours, moving to swallow areas occupied by German speakers. The Rhineland was re-militarized. Austria, the Sudetenland, and then all of Czechoslovakia were taken into Hitler's Third Reich. Hitler also sought allies in Italy's fascist government and assisted rightist movements in Hungary and Romania. He sent troops to help General Franco's fascist revolt against the left-wing Republican government in Spain and, stunning his opponents, struck a deal with Joseph Stalin's Soviet Union in August 1939 that permitted him to attack Poland without fear of opposition from Moscow. When Hitler unleashed his panzers against Poland at the beginning of September, Britain and France reluctantly declared war, bringing in their dominions and colonies. The "Second German War" had begun.

This war lasted until 1945. This time, at war's end,

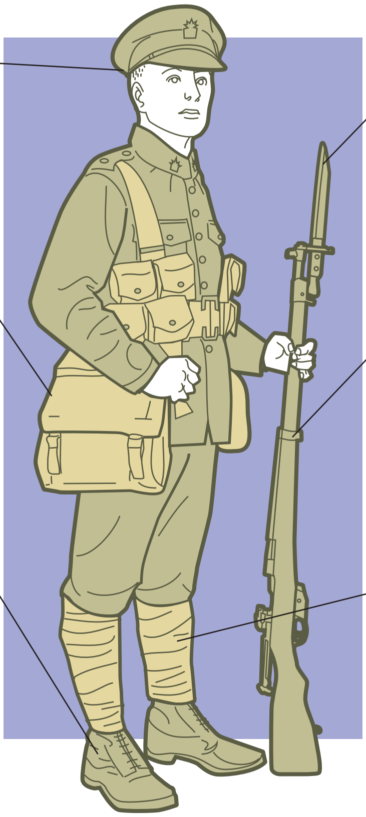
TRENCH BATTLEFIELD

The First World War became a conflict of stalement and attrition as opposing sides dug elaborate below-ground defence systems. Attacking forces inevitably sustained huge casualties.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMIE GEOFFROI

FIRST WORLD WAR EQUIPMENT


Cloth caps were replaced with steel helmets in 1916.

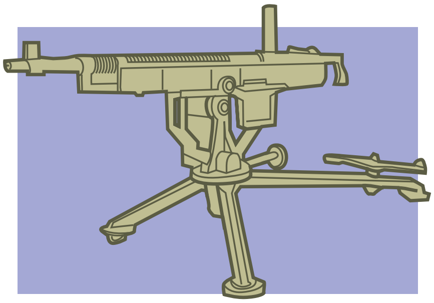
Soldiers carried ammunition, gas masks, mess kits, and other items.

Early boots were prone to falling apart in wet conditions.

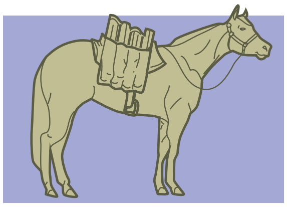
The bayonets of Canada's Ross rifles tended to fall off when the rifle was fired.

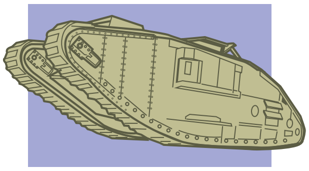
Ross rifles (shown) proved troublesome and were replaced by Lee-Enfields.

Cloth puttees were wrapped around the lower legs for protection and support.


ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMIE GEOFFROI

The Colt machine gun (shown) was used by the Canadians early in the war. Because it tended to jam after rapid fire, it was replaced in 1916 with the Vickers, a heavier, more reliable gun.


Horses and mules did most of the work of transporting equipment and supplies. They suffered a high casualty rate.


The Canadians first used tanks at Courcelette in 1916. Tanks were slow and in limited supply until late in the war.

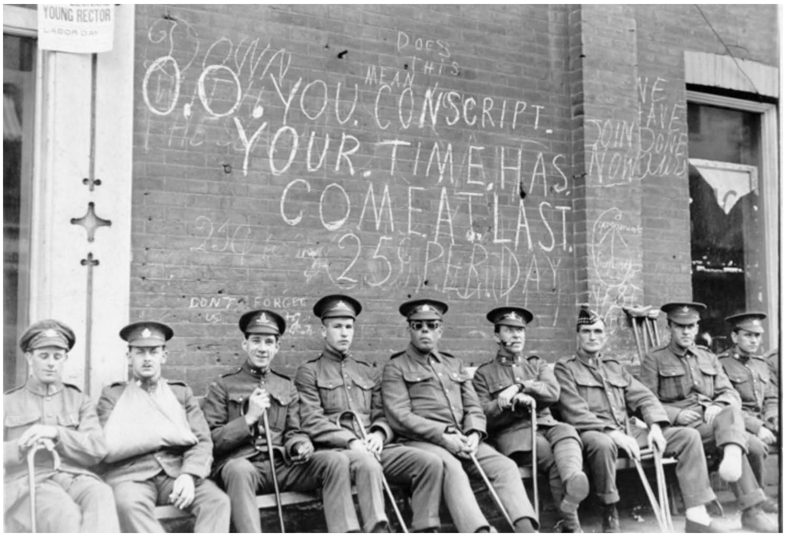
Germany was in ruins, its manpower slaughtered in combat, its cities devastated by massive bombing attacks and house-to-house combat, and its leader dead by suicide in a Berlin bunker. Defeated, devastated, and divided by the victors, Germans turned to democracy. Within a decade the Federal Republic of Germany became a bulwark against the Soviet Union. At the end of the Cold War, Germany, again reunited, was the strongest economic power in a united Western Europe. The German Thirty Years War had shaped the world.

Certainly the long conflict shaped Canada. The country that had gone to war in August 1914 was a British colony with a population of eight million and a small industrial base. The government was tiny, its revenues mainly raised from tariffs, its civil service run on patronage and lacking managerial talent. The country's military was based on a voluntary militia that, while it had close to fifty thousand men, lacked training and modern equipment. The militia was trained by a tiny permanent force that had few military skills. The navy had just a handful of sailors and no ships with modern capabilities.

Four years later, the military had changed dramatically. Canada had put 620,000 men and a few thousand nurses into uniform, with five sixths raised as volunteers. But enlistment patterns revealed deep divisions within Canadian society. British-born immigrants constituted half of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, with native-born men slower to volunteer. French Canadians, separated from Europe by centuries, were the most reluctant to sign on. Heavy casualties demanded constant streams of reinforcements; by 1916, voluntary enlistments had begun to dry up.

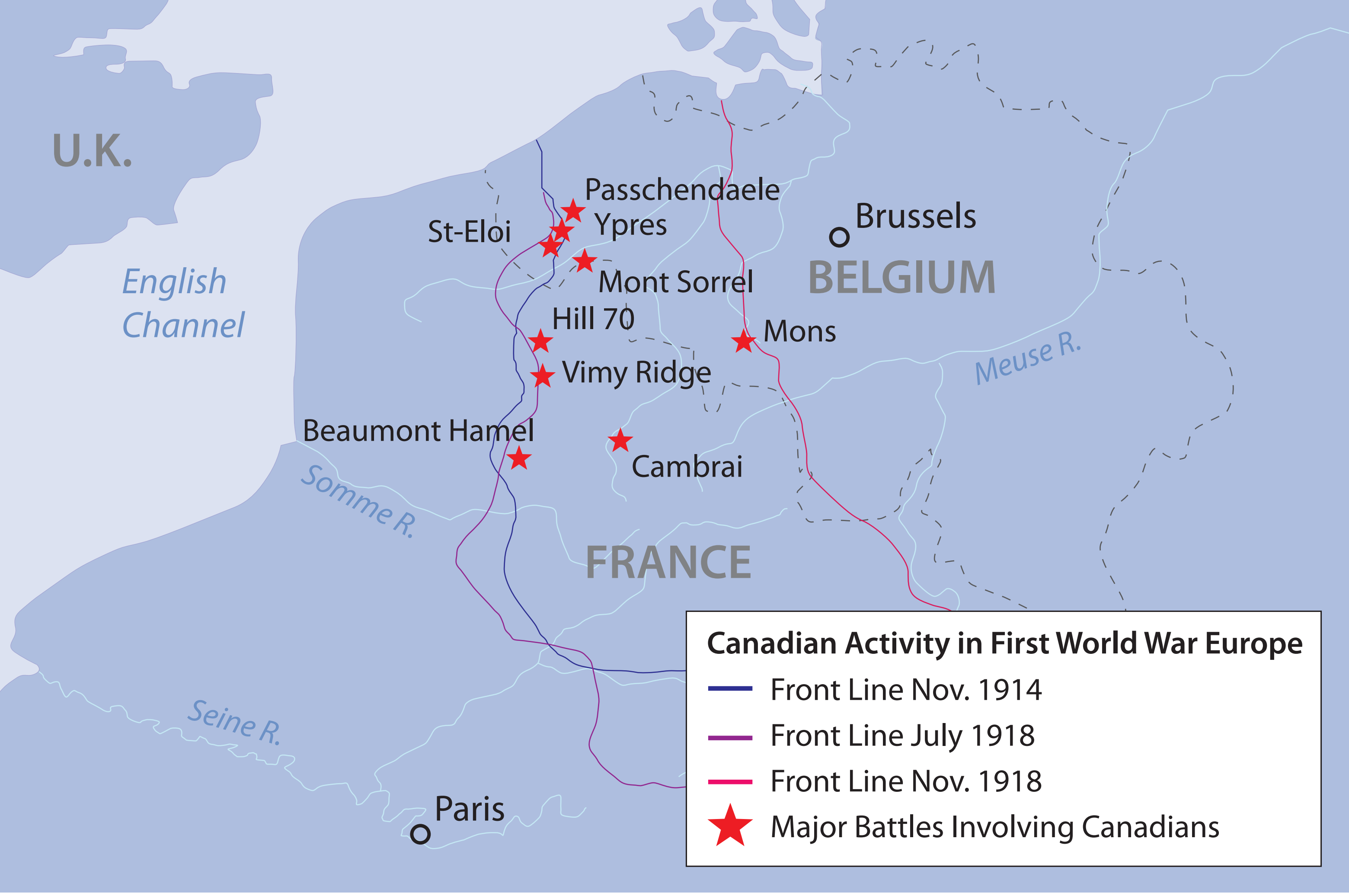
Conscription was introduced in the last year of the war after a terrible political fight that pitted the government and its mainly English-speaking supporters against francophones, farmers, and sections of organized labour. The vicious, racist election of December 1917 returned a coalition of conscriptionists that left an embittered French Canada in the cold. The election saw female relatives of soldiers given the vote — an overdue change — and the removal of the franchise from recently naturalized "enemy aliens" who might have been expected to oppose compulsory service. It took years before Sir Robert Borden's Conservative Party, the driver of conscription, could count on support in Quebec and in rural Canada.

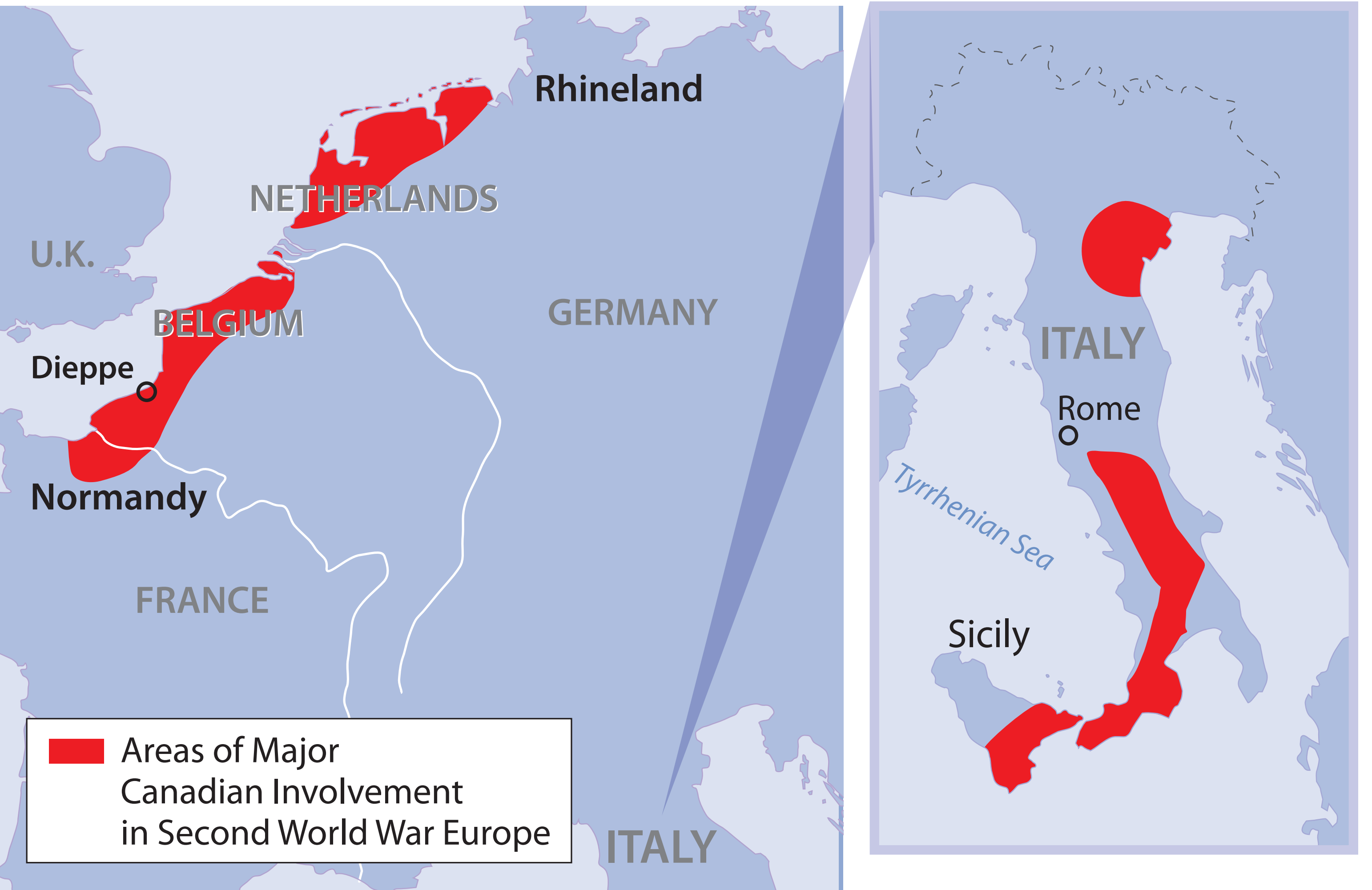
But overseas the Canadians learned how to fight a war.



CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES

In a probable attempt to shame men into enlisting, wounded veterans of the First World War pose in front of a wall in Toronto covered with conscription-related grafitti, circa 1916.


U.K.
English Channel
Passchendaele
Ypres
St-Eloi
Mont Sorrel
Hill 70
Vimy Ridge
Beaumont Hamel
Cambrai
Brussels
BELGIUM
Mons
Meuse R.
Somme R.
FRANCE
Seine R.
Paris
Canadian Activity in First World War Europe
Front Line Nov. 1914
Front Line July 1918
Front Line Nov. 1918
Major Battles Involving Canadians


Rhineland
NETHERLANDS
U.K.
BELGIUM
Dieppe
Normandy
GERMANY
FRANCE
ITALY
ITALY
Rome
Tyrrhenian Sea
Sicily
Areas of Major Canadian Involvement in Second World War Europe

NAVAL MUSEUM OF CANADA

NAVAL MUSEUM OF CANADA

Above left: Coal stokers on HMCS *Niobe*, one of Canada's two naval ships at the outbreak of war in 1914.

Above right: HMCS *Niobe* in Halifax in 1915.

> “We have no lasting quarrel with the German people … but we will fight to the death against the vain attempt of an arrogant militarist oligarchy to impose upon the world its ideals of force and violence and to achieve its unworthy purpose by ‘blood and iron.’”

—Canadian Prime Minister Robert Borden:
Speech before the Canadian Club at Halifax,
December 18, 1914

MCCORD MUSEUM

The First Canadian Division earned its stripes — and suffered some six thousand casualties — at Ypres, Belgium, in April 1915, surviving the first major gas attack launched by the Germans. By the end of 1915 there were two divisions in the Canadian Corps, and by the end of 1916 four divisions, or more than a hundred thousand men all told. Whipped into shape by General Julian Byng and his team of British staff officers, the corps established its fighting reputation on the Somme and in the taking of Vimy Ridge.

Thereafter, though British staff officers remained, Canadians increasingly took over the operations of the corps under Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie, a militiaman from Victoria. Intelligent, able, and tough, Currie led the corps in its greatest battles at Hill 70 and in “the Hundred Days” from August to November 1918, when it smashed the enemy at Amiens, at the heavily defended Drocourt-Queant Line, in the crossing of the Canal du Nord, and in the taking of Cambrai and Valenciennes. The Canadian Corps ended the war at Mons, Belgium, where the British Expeditionary Force had first faced the Germans in August 1914.

The Hundred Days was Canada's greatest contribution to the Allied victory, with General Currie claiming that his four divisions had smashed one quarter of the German army in the west. The Canadian Corps had become “the shock troops of the British Empire,” in historian Shane Schreiber's apt phrase. The Canadians were widely considered to be among the very best fighting soldiers on the Western Front.

No one in 1914 could have conceived that Canada's military effort could be either so large or so successful. Many believed that Canada had become a nation on the Western Front. Borden parlayed this military strength into greater autonomy within the Empire, into Canada's signing of the Treaty of Versailles, and into a place in the League of Nations. Canada was still a colony, but its virtual independence had been effectively conceded by London; only the formalities remained. The war had been fought for Britain, but it had created a distinctively Canadian nationalism.

The war's effects on those who remained at home were equally startling. Income taxes and excess profits taxes, hitherto unthinkable, came into effect. Millions were raised from Canadians who bought Victory Bonds, and Canada for the first time began to borrow money on Wall Street in New York because British financiers were forced to carry the burden of their nation's huge and expensive war effort. This was a fateful change, one that was greatly reinforced in the Second World War.

Canadian industry set out to produce artillery shells, one of the basic requirements of modern trench warfare. After the usual start-up problems, efficiency took hold over patronage, and Canada shipped countless shells overseas to a value of almost one billion dollars. Small numbers of aircraft, ships, trucks, and other weaponry rolled off the lines, much of it produced by women workers who flooded into the factories to replace men who had put on uniforms. Meanwhile, Canadian farmers and miners shipped their products overseas for good prices. But inflation and a steeply rising cost of living left most workers behind, and labour unrest increased, not least after the Bolshevik revolution in Russia frightened Allied governments, including in Canada. The Winnipeg General Strike of 1919 and the govern-

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Above left: Firefighters hose down a crashed bomber in Italy, December 1943.

Above right: A wounded man with the 3rd Canadian Infantry is tended in Nijmegen, Netherlands, February 1945.

ment's harsh crackdown and subsequent deportations of strike leaders demonstrated that the capitalist order was to be maintained.

The Great War had left Canada with more than 60,000 dead and almost 175,000 wounded, and it created scars in the national psyche that were long-lasting. First, veterans did not receive the benefits they deserved. That created long-lived resentment. Then, no one wanted to repeat the losses or the linguistic tensions the war had produced.

Liberal Leader William Lyon Mackenzie King, the dominant political figure from 1921 to 1948, proved very skilled at keeping his nation as far removed as possible from the interwar conflicts of Europe and Asia. King refused to allow Canadian soldiers to do any planning with the British military and declined to make any political commitments to participate in war. Parliament, he said, will decide. The reality, however, was that Canadians remained British in their thinking, and King, as much as his compatriots, believed that Canada should be involved in any major British war. The only difference was that Parliament, Canada's Parliament, would make the formal decision, not Westminster.

In September 1939, this was how events played out. Britain declared war on Hitler on September 3; Canada followed on September 10. Canada's direct interests were no more involved than in 1914, but Canadian independence, albeit in a not-quite-colonial way, had been respected, and once again Canada was at war because Britain was at war.

The nation's military was as unprepared as it had been a quarter century before. The permanent force consisted of four thousand officers and men, the militia of forty-six thousand. There were no modern arms and no well-trained leaders. The prime minister wanted Canada's main effort to be in the air, as he believed an air war would never cause enough casualties to require conscription. One infantry division was nonetheless dispatched overseas, the small navy went to action stations, and the air force set out on the Herculean task of operating the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, a scheme that eventually trained 131,000 aircrew in Canadian airspace. King obliged the British to declare that the BCATP was to be Canada's main contribution to the war.

Political wishes and military plans rarely stand the test of battle, however. Hitler crushed Poland in weeks and then took Denmark and Norway in April 1940. The next month he sent his armoured columns into the Low Countries and France. By mid-June, the war on the Continent was effectively over. Only Britain, with Canada suddenly its ranking ally, remained free from Nazi domination. King's limited war had ended, and the nation rushed to raise men and build armaments to support the mother country.

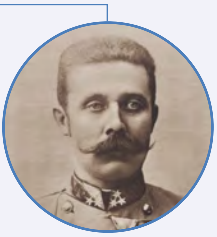
As in the Great War, Britain buckled under the financial strain, and Canada turned toward the south. In August 1940, Prime Minister King and President Franklin Roosevelt created the Permanent Joint Board on Defence to

CANADA
AND THE
'GERMAN THIRTY YEARS WAR'

JUNE 28, 1914

SPARK IGNITED

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria ignites long-simmering conflicts between the great European powers.



AUGUST 4, 1914

WAR DECLARED

When Britain declares war, all of its colonies and dominions, including Canada, are automatically drawn in.

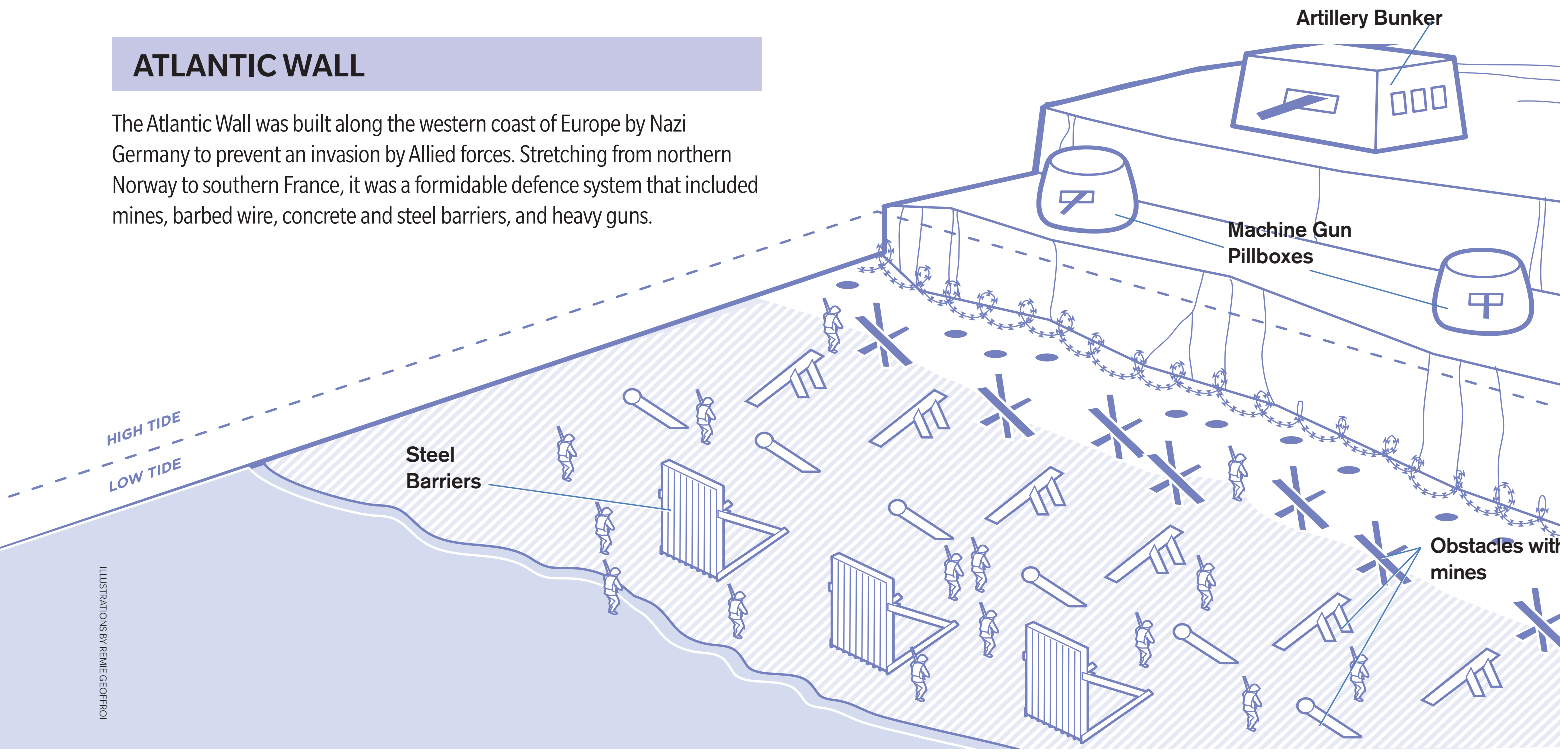
APRIL 22, 1915

SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

In Canada's first major battle, soldiers hold the line while facing the first use of chlorine gas as a battlefield weapon.

ATLANTIC WALL

The Atlantic Wall was built along the western coast of Europe by Nazi Germany to prevent an invasion by Allied forces. Stretching from northern Norway to southern France, it was a formidable defence system that included mines, barbed wire, concrete and steel barriers, and heavy guns.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMIE GEOFFROI

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> **“The German people are not a warlike nation. It is a soldierly one, which means it does not want a war, but does not fear it. It loves peace but also loves its honour and freedom.”**
>
> **—German Chancellor Adolf Hitler:**
> Speech to the Reichstag in Berlin, February 1936

coordinate continental military strategy, a step that angered British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, who feared that Canada was scuttling for safety under the eagle’s wing. The next year at Hyde Park, New York, King and Roosevelt dealt with Canada’s looming inability to pay for the U.S. imports Canada needed to build armaments for a still-struggling Britain. Roosevelt committed the U.S. to buy as much in Canada as Canada spent in the U.S., at a stroke resolving the problem. The ties between the two nations deepened during the war, Canadians and Americans for the first time serving together and co-operating closely in Europe and the Pacific.

The nation’s military effort was huge. A total of 1.1 million men and fifty thousand women went into uniform. Canada raised an air force of a quarter million and a navy of one hundred thousand. The army put three infantry and two armoured divisions, plus two additional armoured brigades, overseas and formed the First Canadian Army. More troops, including home defence conscripts raised under the National Resources Mobilization Act (NRMA) of 1940, defended Canada.

The 1st Canadian Corps fought in Italy from the invasion of Sicily to the beginning of 1945, when it moved to Northwest Europe to join the First Canadian Army. The 2nd Canadian Corps had played a substantial role in France from D-Day through the Falaise Gap, the brutal Scheldt Campaign in Belgium, and the liberation of the Netherlands. The Canadian soldiers again had learned on the job, and, by the end, in Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Jack English’s phrase, they formed the “best little army in the world.” It was not so little, either.

Mackenzie King directed a great military effort, but he predictably had to grapple with conscription, even calling a plebiscite in 1942 to release him from his pledges against compulsory overseas service made in 1939 and 1940. The NRMA put men into training, initially for thirty days but by

JULY 1, 1916

BEAUMONT HAMEL

The Newfoundland Regiment suffers a devastating loss — of 801 soldiers, 324 are dead or missing and 386 are wounded.

APRIL 9-12, 1917

BATTLE OF VIMY RIDGE

Canadians successfully attack the German-held strongpoint. The victory becomes a postwar symbol of Canadian identity.

OCT 26-NOV 10, 1917

SECOND BATTLE OF PASSCHENDAELE

The Canadian Corps fights in horribly wet and muddy conditions, capturing its objective but suffering 16,000 casualties.

AUG 8–NOV 11, 1918

THE HUNDRED DAYS

Canadians play a key role in a series of battles that drive back and defeat German forces, leading to the armistice on November 11.

JUNE 28, 1919

TREATY OF VERSAILLES

Canada is a signatory to the controversial treaty that forced Germany to disarm, concede territory, and pay reparations.

CLAUDE P. DETTLOF/CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES

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> “There is no home in Canada, no family, and no individual whose fortunes and freedoms are not bound up in the present struggle.”

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— Canadian Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King:
A radio address broadcast in September 1939

Above left: A famous 1940 photo of a boy running to his newly enlisted soldier father in Vancouver.

Above right: RCAF personnel in Montreal circa 1944.

1942 for the duration of the war. Although the army did not get into sustained operations until mid-1943, within a year infantry reinforcements had become scarce as casualties mounted. By November 1944, after the battles to clear the Scheldt estuary, the Cabinet was on the verge of splintering on the issue. After the plebiscite, King had said, “Not necessarily conscription, but conscription if necessary,” and in late November the prime minister decided that a limited measure of compulsion had become necessary. Sixteen thousand conscripts were dispatched overseas. Quebec seethed, but voters there could see that King had held off as long as possible. In the election of June 1945, their votes kept the Liberals in power.

The Royal Canadian Navy also learned on the job. Its main role, performed under harsh conditions on the North Atlantic, was to escort convoys to Britain, and it eventually prevailed against Hitler’s U-boats. The Royal Canadian Air Force operated aircraft everywhere, losing seventeen thousand men in all. But its main role was in Bomber Command, where its No. 6 Bomber Group laid waste to much of Germany.

In all, Canada lost forty-two thousand combatants in the Second World War, a terrible loss that left families devastated and the nation deprived of many of its best and bravest.

While men fought overseas, the country’s industrial and agricultural effort was enormous — great enough to double the nation’s gross national product between 1939 and 1945. Led by the “Minister of Everything,” C.D. Howe, “dollar a year men” brought in from industry, and some of the ablest civil servants of their generation, the government took Canada out of the Great Depression into a hyper-organized full-employment era. The federal government invested in building factories and created Crown corporations to produce goods ranging from synthetic rubber to the wood veneers needed for aircraft production. Raw material production during the war amounted to almost $6 billion.

Canadian auto plants produced the 815,000 trucks that carried the British Commonwealth’s armies into battle, along with armoured cars and specialized vehicles. Shipyards turned out more than 400 merchant ships, 206 corvettes, additional frigates, and, by war’s end, large Tribal-class destroyers. Aircraft factories made everything from basic trainers to four-engine Lancaster bombers — 16,400

1930s

GREAT DEPRESSION

Economic instability helps bring Germany’s Adolf Hitler to power. Canada follows Britain’s policy of appeasement.

SEPT 1, 1939

HITLER INVADES POLAND

Realizing appeasement will not stop Hitler, Britain declares war on September 3. Canada, now independent, joins on September 10.

DEC 17, 1939

COMMONWEALTH AIR TRAINING PLAN

Canada agrees to administer and pay for the training of Commonwealth pilots and aircrew at 231 sites across Canada.

FALL 1940

WAR AT SEA

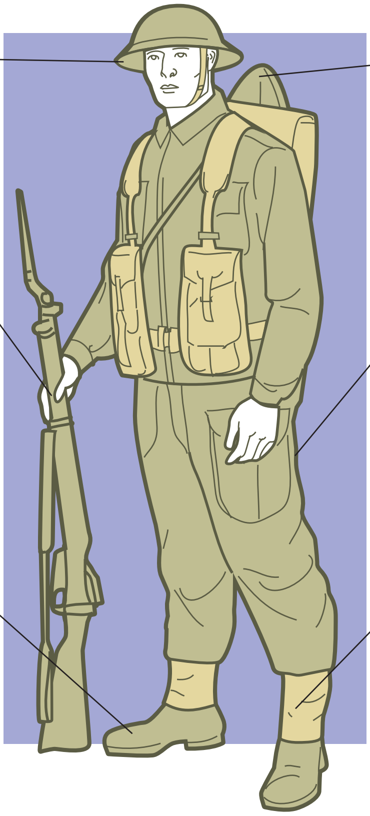
The Canadian government launches a full-scale naval expansion as German U-Boats in the Atlantic threaten Britain’s survival.

DEC 8-25, 1941

FALL OF HONG KONG

As Japan opens a new war front in the Pacific, 1,975 Canadian defenders are overwhelmed; 550 die in battle or later as maltreated POWs.

SECOND WORLD WAR EQUIPMENT



By war's end, the brimmed Brodie helmet was replaced by a deeper "turtle" model.

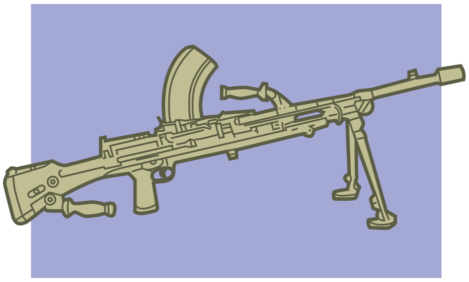
The Lee Enfield Number 4 Mark I rifle was used from 1943 on.

Ankle-height boots were standard. High-top boots were used in Normandy.

The infantry carried entrenching tools for various purposes.

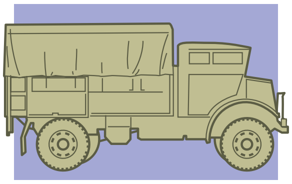
Canadian battle dress was made of wool, or cotton in warmer climates.

Gaiters replaced puttees, keeping out water, snow, and mud.

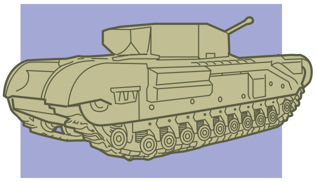


The heavy machine guns of the First World War gave way to light machine guns (LMGs) that could be fired from the shoulder or hip. The Bren was the standard LMG used by Canadian troops in the Second World War. By war's end, sixty per cent of the Brens were being made in Canada.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMIE GEOFFROI



Motorized vehicles replaced the horses and mules of the First World War. Canada manufactured 815,000 military transport vehicles during the Second World War.



Faster, more reliable tanks helped avoid the battlefield deadlock seen in the first war. However, the Churchills used at Dieppe in 1942 got stuck on the rocky beach.

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aircraft in all. Industry produced ammunition and small arms of all types. Once again, women moved into the factories in even larger numbers than in the Great War, and more than fifty thousand served in uniform in the three services in Canada and overseas.

Meanwhile, the government dictated who could hold which job and implemented the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Income and excise taxes soared, profits were capped, and Canada's economic management was generally judged the most successful of all the countries engaged in the war. There were labour disruptions, of course, but the government did not stand in the way of unionization. Average wages increased by almost two-thirds during the war in a period when there was all the overtime anyone could want. People saved money and, despite rationing, most Canadians ate better than they had during the Great Depression.

Moreover, fearful that the economic slide of the dirty thirties might resume after the peace, the government began to move toward social welfare. Unemployment insurance began in 1940, and family allowances came into effect in 1945. The latter were paid to mothers, giving many women the first money that had ever come directly to them each month.

There was also vast additional funding for factories to convert to the production of civilian goods, for home construction, and for public works projects, as well as a very generous package of benefits for veterans that was carefully made equal for both male and female vets. Keynesian in intent, government spending was designed to keep the economy humming and Canadians employed during the conversion to peace.

The effort succeeded. Overall, the Second World War left Canada in an uncommonly powerful position. While much of Europe and Asia was in ruins, the Dominion's soil was untouched and its modernized industries were booming. Now it was a rich middle power, an independent member of the British Commonwealth, and a charter member of the United Nations.

Yet another war had been fought for freedom and for Britain, but the war's primary effect on Canada's strategic interests had been to weaken the ties to the old world and deepen them to the new. The Second German War was the last one Canada would fight for Britain.

AUG 19, 1942

DISASTER AT DIEPPE

In a stunning setback, about five thousand Canadians lead an ill-fated raid on Dieppe, Normandy, that results in 3,367 casualties.

JAN 3, 1943

BOMBS AWAY!

No. 6 (RCAF) Group of Bomber Command flies its first mission. The Canadian group becomes key in destroying Germany's war machine.

JULY 10, 1943

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN STARTS

Canadian troops land in Sicily with Allied forces and slowly advance northward over twenty months of hard fighting.

JUNE 6, 1944

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

On D-Day, Canadians land in Normandy with Allied forces and, over the next eleven months, battle their way across northwest Europe.

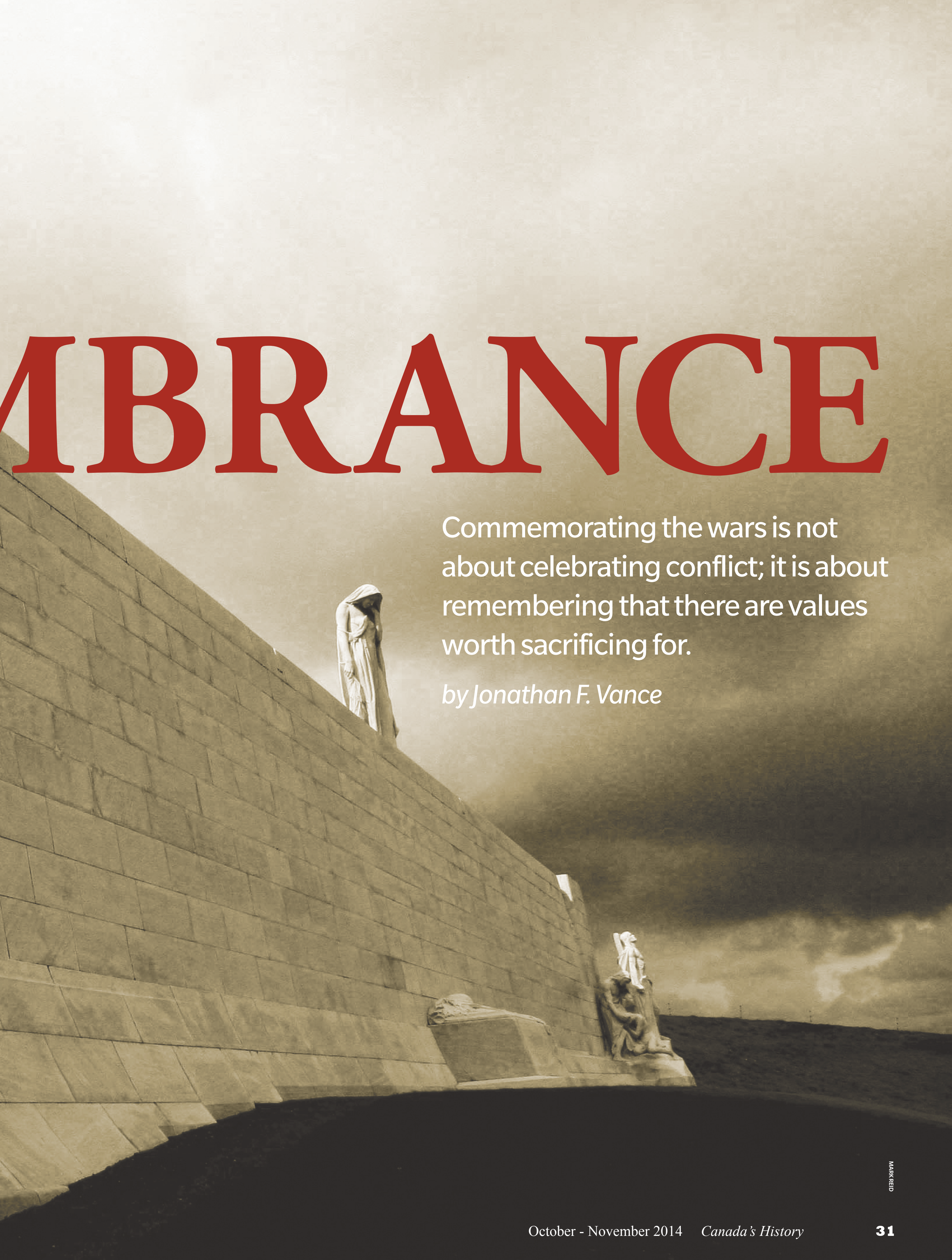
MAY 7, 1945

VICTORY IN EUROPE

Germany formally surrenders. Japan follows on August 15 after atomic bombs are dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

REMEM

A section of the Canadian National Vimy Memorial in France.



MBRANCE

Commemorating the wars is not about celebrating conflict; it is about remembering that there are values worth sacrificing for.

by Jonathan F. Vance

MARK REID

IN 1931 an act of Canada's Parliament changed the name of Armistice Day to Remembrance Day. There were many motives behind the legislation, but of particular concern was that Armistice Day was too closely connected to a single historical event — the 1918 ceasefire that brought the fighting on the Western Front to an end. When it was first observed, Armistice Day had been about victory (the legislation referred specifically to the day "on which the Great War was triumphantly concluded"); but a decade later Canadians no longer had the same need to celebrate the moment the Germans had thrown in the towel. Much more suited to the time was the name Remembrance Day, which was directed at a general spirit of commemoration. It would encourage people to contemplate not just one day but the values that animated Canada's war effort — democracy, freedom, justice, Christianity — and the fact that more than sixty thousand Canadians gave their lives to defend those values.

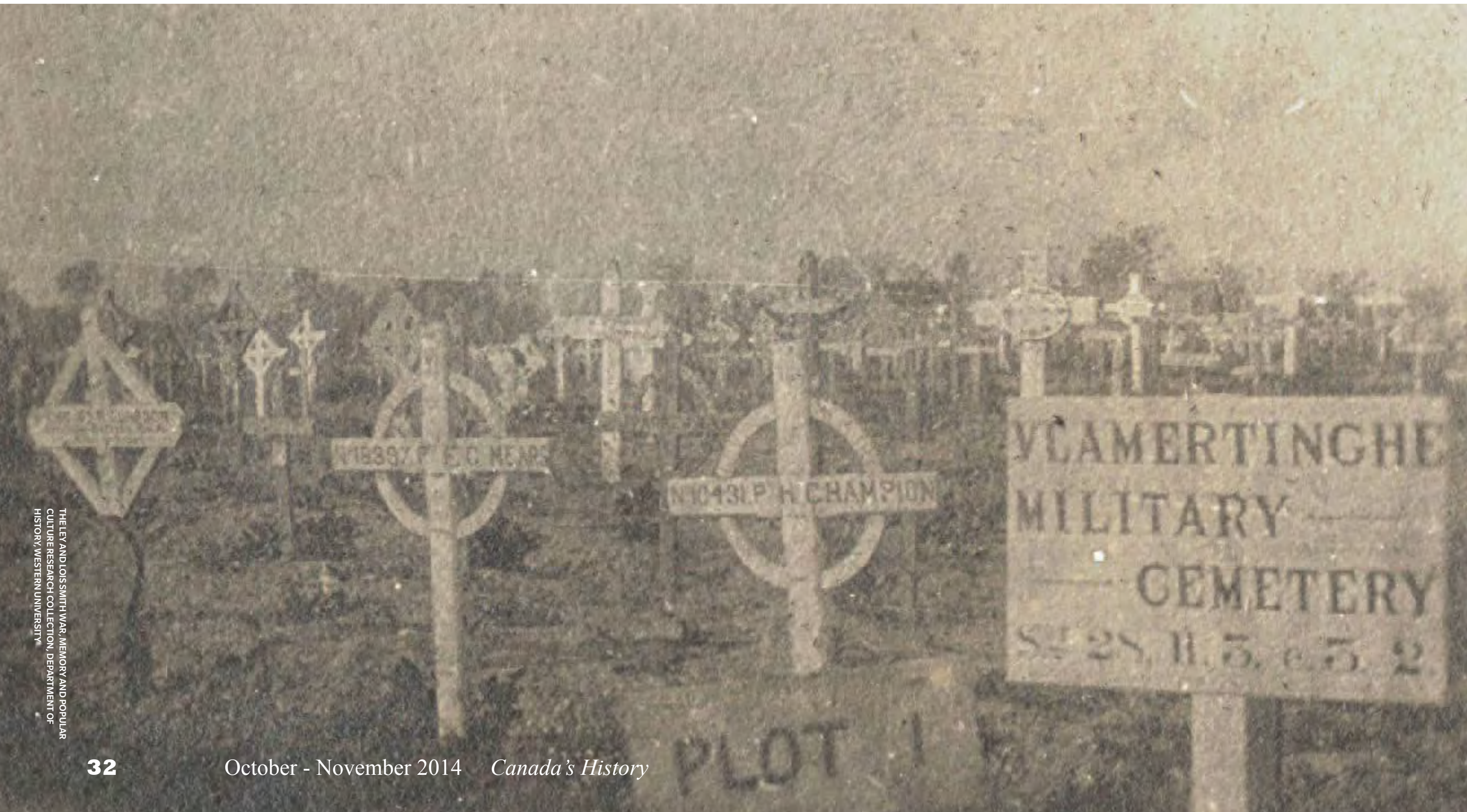
But there was no assumption that Remembrance Day would embrace past wars, whatever values they had been fought to preserve. The legislation mentioned only the dead of the First World War. That it should also be an occasion to commemorate the 250 men who died in the South African War or the 9,000 men who died defending Canada against American invasion in the War of 1812 was never considered.

And, although politicians couldn't know that within a decade the country would be involved in its second world war in a generation, they were not naive enough to imagine that the Great War would also be the last war. After all, it had been known as the "war to end war" (not the "war to end all wars," as it is often misquoted today); it was part of a long campaign to stop war, but it was not necessarily the final act.

When the next war began in 1939, it became a matched set with its predecessor. They were the first and the second, the war of the fathers and the war of the sons, the Great War and the "good war." If few Canadians subscribed to the notion that the world wars actually constituted a single long conflict separated by a twenty-year pause, they did accept that the two were inextricably linked. And so it was obvious that the Second World War would be commemorated alongside the first — but when should that commemoration take place?

A committee of British and Dominion representatives discussed the matter in 1945, but all of the proposed alternatives were found wanting. The sixth of June was a favourite in Britain and Canada, in part because it offered better weather than November, but the Normandy invasion had little resonance in Australia and New Zealand. The declaration of war in 1939 was discussed, but it occurred on different days in different countries — and was it appropriate to commemorate the war on the anniversary of its outbreak? VE Day on May 8

Wooden crosses mark the graves of fallen soldiers at a military cemetery in Belgium. Following the war, the crosses were replaced with stone markers.



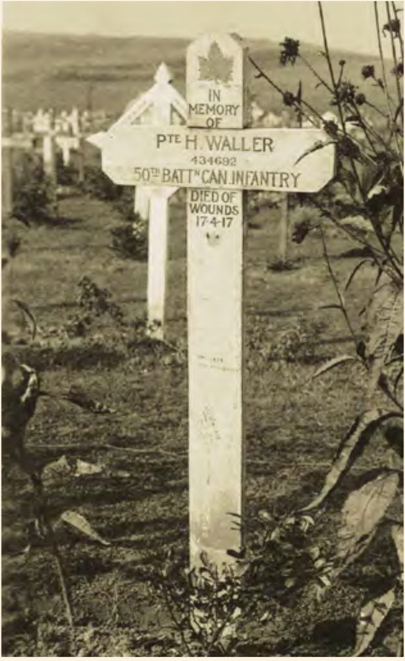
THE LEY AND LOIS SMITH WAR, MEMORY AND POPULAR CULTURE RESEARCH COLLECTION, DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY, WESTERN UNIVERSITY

COURTESY OF SUSAN HEMMINGS

Mary Waller attends the gravesite of her brother Harry Waller in Lapugnoy Military Cemetery in Pas de Calais, France. Four of Waller's brothers fought in the Great War; two survived.

COURTESY OF SUSAN HEMMINGS

Harry, left, and Arthur Waller as boys. The brothers were very close and enlisted together, serving as signallers in the 50th Batallion. Harry died in April 1917; Arthur died a year later.



COURTESY OF SUSAN HEMMINGS

Private Harry Waller's original grave marker, with signatures of his brothers Arthur and Robert etched into it. The marker was later replaced with a stone monument.

had been an occasion to celebrate the surrender of Nazi Germany, but it wasn't suitable because the war had continued in the Pacific for another three months. VJ Day, which brought that war to a close, never had the same emotional resonance, because it was connected to the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan, and because the term was commonly applied to three different days. One by one, all of the alternatives were dismissed, and the committee eventually concluded that the dead of the Second World War would continue to be commemorated, as had been the practice since 1939, on the anniversary of the day the First World War had ended.

The decision affirmed not only that the wars were connected but that they were distinct. They could be placed within a continuum of history, but the collective memory accepted that they were unique. It was popular amongst historians, journalists, artists, and poets to compare the Canadian infantryman of the twentieth century to the habitant-turned-soldier of the eighteenth century and the militiaman of the nineteenth century, but the First and Second World Wars were of an entirely different order than anything that had come before. They enjoyed a privileged position in Canada's memory, for there were only two kinds of conflict in Canadian history: the world wars, and everything else.

That's not to say that earlier conflicts failed to stir the commemorative impulse. As late as 1949, veterans of Toronto's 10th Royal Grenadiers who had served in the North-West Rebellion continued to hold reunions, where they drank a toast to departed comrades: "So here's to the Army, the Navy, and the Queen, for we have done our duty, boys, wherever we have been, when out on Active Service, we made the rebels flee, we have the good old British pluck in the 10th R.G." Before Armistice Day even existed, there was Paardeberg Day, celebrated every year on the anniversary of the Royal Canadian Regiment's victory over the Boers in 1900, and Trafalgar Day, which marked the great British naval victory over the French in 1805. Both were observed in Canada well into the twentieth century and are observed to this day in some quarters.

As late as 1949, veterans of the North-West Rebellion continued to hold reunions.

In 1927, Alberta teacher and historian W. Everard Edmonds published *The Canadian Flag Day Book*, with the suggestion that teachers observe two flag days each month as a way to inculcate in their students the spirit of patriotism. Although the author claimed there was no militaristic intent in the suggestion — the exercises were to teach young people "that bravery may be shown each day on life's battlefield," he wrote in the introduction — the days did lean rather heavily towards the martial past: the anniversaries of the institution of the Victoria Cross (1856), the Battle of St. Julien (1915), the declaration of war in 1914, the Battle of the Plains of Abraham (1759), the Battle of Trafalgar, the Battle of Queenston Heights (1812), and the Armistice of 1918.

Almost every conflict was memorialized in bronze and stone. Generals Wolfe and Montcalm, on opposite sides of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, share a monument in Quebec City, unveiled in 1828 and graced by a fine inscription: "Military virtue gave them a common death, history a common fame, posterity a common monument." There is Brock's Monument in Queenston, Ontario, the second version of which has loomed over the Niagara River since 1859 on the site where the defender of Upper Canada was killed in action. Halifax boasts the splendid Welsford-Parker Monument, dedicated in 1860 to honour the British victory in the Crimean War and the Nova Scotians who died in the fighting there. In 1870, a dignified column was erected in Toronto to commemorate nine young men from the city who died defending Upper Canada against the Fenians. The Boer War produced some of Canada's most striking war memorials — George Hill's wonderful dismounted soldier in Montreal's Dorchester Square; Calgary's exceptional equestrian statue; memorials to individual soldiers in Canning, Nova Scotia, Cayuga, Ontario, and Granby, Quebec; and a host of other bronze figures in Canadian cities. Clearly, the desire to commemorate and pay tribute to the nation's military dead was not just a product of the First and Second World Wars.

Opposite page: The Canadian War Memorial in 1938 at Hyde Park, England, before its transfer to Ottawa.

Below: The South African War Memorial in Toronto in 1908.

PUBLIC DOMAIN

What elevated that desire to a different level was the scale of the world wars. By any measure, they were bigger, more far-reaching, and more influential than any conflict, before or since, in which Canadians have been involved. While the overused phrase "total war" is hardly applicable to Canada at any time, the world wars did touch all parts of the country, all ranks of society, all aspects of life. They were on street corners as propaganda posters and newspaper headlines, and in music halls and cinemas. Children learned about them in school and then descended on their neighbourhoods to collect pennies for war charities or scrap to be turned into munitions. Conflict dominated popular music and filled the pages of Canada's magazines. Bubble gum and cigarette cards, sermons and radio broadcasts, cookbooks and greeting cards — virtually everything took on military overtones. And there were uniforms everywhere. Only at the most isolated farm or logging camp would it have been possible to imagine, even for a short while, that there wasn't a war on.

No conflict before or since had such reach — and this is not to denigrate the sacrifices of the men and women who served in them. But the Boer War or the Korean War simply weren't pervasive or transformational like the world wars, which brought profound change to Canada in ways that have still not been fully understood. The First World War brought smothering collective grief but also a powerful sense of national feeling (and a new stature on the world stage) that had not existed a few years earlier — not to mention women's suffrage, daylight savings time, and income tax.

In the 1920s, it became a truism to insist that more change was witnessed (in aviation, medicine, manufacturing — insert area here) through four years of war than in fifty years of peace.

The Second World War remade Canada, in the space of just six years, from a country broken and demoralized by a devastating economic depression to one of the wealthiest, most powerful nations in the world. And if Canada's time as a legitimate superpower was short-lived, postwar prosperity, big government, the social welfare state, and a dozen other things affirmed that the Canada of the 1950s bore little resemblance to the Canada of the 1930s.

But are those facts reason enough to set aside for the world wars an annual day of commemoration? Other events have brought profound change, albeit not in such an intense, concentrated fashion — and yet they don't have a mandated day of remembrance. The only occasion that does is Canada Day (as Dominion Day was renamed in 1982); but it, like Remembrance Day, has long since ceased to focus on a single day in history and instead is directed at celebrating the nation in a more general sense. Nothing else in Canada's collective memory is as commemorated as the world wars, a fact that, since the 1930s, has been a bit of a sore point in some quarters.

Decoration Day, first observed in Toronto in 1890 at the urging of veterans who had fought the Fenians thirty years earlier and given new life in the 1920s through ceremonies to place flowers on the graves of Great War veterans, had a strong following in parts of Canada; the tradition of decorating the graves of heroes of peace was little more than a fringe activity. Even then, some of the official participants were decidedly ambivalent. Archdeacon J.C. Davidson, a former military chaplain, was happy to take part in Toronto's 1930 ceremony to decorate the graves of heroes of peace but felt the need to remind his audience that "this ceremony does not in the smallest degree detract from the honour which we all so gladly give to the soldiers of the Empire."

Remembrance Day in the interwar era attracted vast crowds in virtually every city in Canada, while Peace Day parades usually drew just a handful of curious onlookers. "Heroes of peace seldom get the recognition they deserve," observed the *Victoria Times* in 1936. "They may display a selfless devotion which, if shown in war, would bring them the thanks of their country, without getting so much as a passing nod from their fellow citizens whom they are serving."

Critics have long argued that to remember war is to celebrate war. This, of course, is utter nonsense. By the same logic, to mark the anniversary of the 1989 Montreal Massacre, when fourteen women were murdered by a gunman at École Polytechnique, is to celebrate violence against women. One observes the anniversary of an appalling tragedy because one hopes to have some impact, however minuscule, in preventing it from happening again, and out of a belief that the dead deserve something better than to be consigned to historical oblivion.

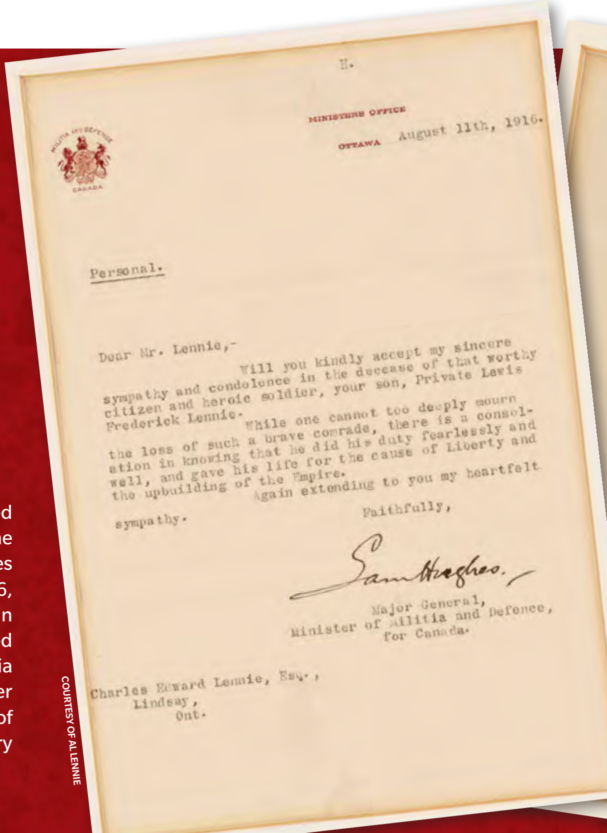
Commemoration of the world wars has always been about the desire to preserve the fallen in the collective memory. A war memorial was first and foremost a memory aid, a role that is no less important today. As personal commemorations like maintaining a vigil on the Highway of Heroes mix with the kind of virtual commemoration permitted by Facebook and Pinterest, there is more need than ever to anchor these transitory practices on a tangible memorial that occupies a public space. Granite and bronze serve that critical purpose today, just as they did a century ago.

For the generation of 1914, the immediacy and intensity of the loss made the need to remember that much more pressing. The war memorial was also intended to be a sub-

CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES

Throughout the war, Canadian families dreaded receiving official letters or telegrams from the front, as they often brought news of the injuries or deaths of loved ones. After the July 14, 1916, death of Lewis Frederick Lennie (shown here in 1915 shortly after enlisting), his family received a letter of condolence from Minister of Militia and Defence Sam Hughes as well as a letter of condolence from King George V. Lennie, of Lindsay, Ontario, died during a German artillery attack on the town of Poperinghe, Belgium.

COURTESY OF AL LENNIE



H.

MILITIA AND DEFENCE
CANADA

MINISTERS OFFICE
OTTAWA August 11th, 1916.

Personal.

Dear Mr. Lennie,-

Will you kindly accept my sincere sympathy and condolence in the decease of that worthy citizen and heroic soldier, your son, Private Lewis Frederick Lennie.

While one cannot too deeply mourn the loss of such a brave comrade, there is a consolation in knowing that he did his duty fearlessly and well, and gave his life for the cause of Liberty and the upbuilding of the Empire.

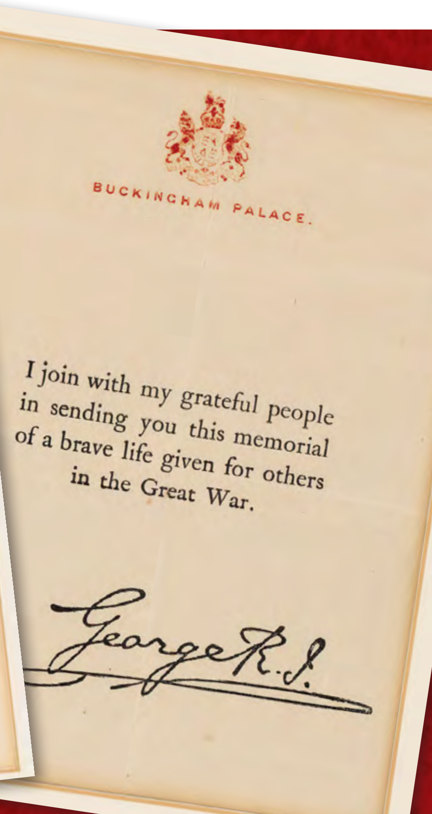
Again extending to you my heartfelt sympathy.

Faithfully,

Sam Hughes.

Major General,
Minister of Militia and Defence,
for Canada.

Charles Edward Lennie, Esq.,
Lindsay,
Ont.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

I join with my grateful people
in sending you this memorial
of a brave life given for others
in the Great War.

George R.I.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

stitute grave for loved ones who would never be able to visit an actual grave or, in the case of the missing, had no grave to visit — the word "cenotaph," after all, literally means "empty tomb." Where there is a grave, the thinking went, there can be no forgetting. Similarly, Remembrance Day is, in essence, a national funeral in which the nation re-enacts the burials of the dead so grieving relatives can experience the funeral that was held a continent away, if at all. Where there is an annual funeral, there can be no forgetting.

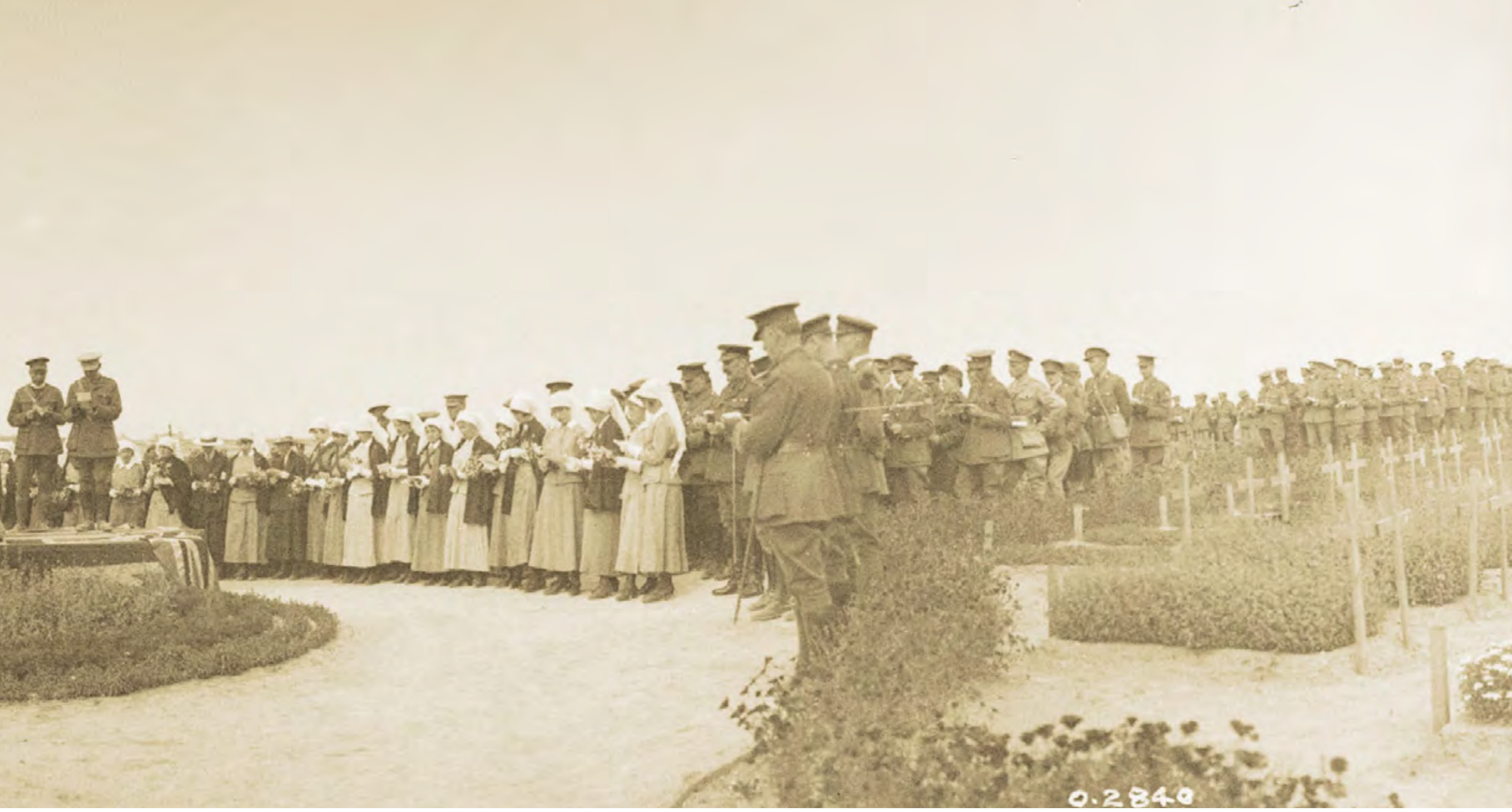
Below: The Canadian National Vimy Memorial in France in 1944.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

We are entering a period of unprecedented commemorative activity with the one hundredth anniversary of the First World War and the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Second World War. There will be criticism — that a triumphalist, nation-building narrative is being privileged for political reasons, and that the obsessive commemoration of all things military is an effort to use the past to legitimize a certain agenda in the present. There is a certain element of truth to the charge. Every act of commemoration is political, because the act of remembering is itself political. It involves choices — some things will be recalled and others forgotten, and from that process emerges a certain understanding of the past. But critics of war commemoration are themselves engaging in politics. To criticize one kind of remembering is, by definition, to make a political statement. It is to fall into the same trap as that which is being critiqued.

Such philosophical debates have never obscured the real focus of remembrance: the people who died. As long as Canadians have been commemorating war, it has been about people. Even with fulsome phrases and allegorical figures adorning so many war memorials, they have always been about people. The monument to Wolfe and Montcalm makes no mention of the battle in which they both died. The great arch in Halifax is named after two soldiers, not the war that claimed their lives. And when the National War Memorial in Ottawa was dedicated in 1939, there were no ringing phrases inscribed in the stone, just a single line: 1914–1918. The allegorical figures atop the arch were too high to make much of an impression on passersby; instead, the eye was drawn to the figures under the arch, powerfully realistic renderings of the men and women who actually participated in the war.

Nor was commemoration in Canada characterized by the tendency to name only the officers and reduce everyone else to a number. None of the nine young men commemo-



Above: A service at a cemetery for Canadians at an unknown location on June 30, 1918.

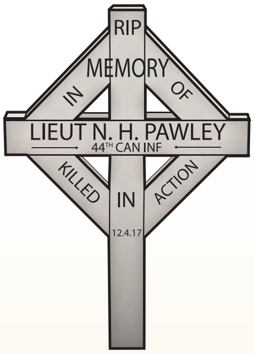
rated on Toronto's Fenian Raid monument were officers. The star of the striking Boer War memorial in Cayuga, Ontario, is William Knisley, a lowly corporal. The citizen army that carried Canada's colours in the world wars accentuated this practice, which might be called democratized commemoration. They were civilian soldiers who went forth from their communities to fight and who would return to their civilian lives when the fighting was done. It was essential that they be named, for only then could they be remembered.

This assumption underpins many of the manifestations of the way Canada remembers war. It is behind the obsessive record-keeping of the 1920s, as communities compiled long lists of townspeople who had served. It is behind the consensus that those names should be inscribed on memorials. And it is behind the widely held assumption that those names should be listed, not by rank or class, but according to the democracy of the alphabet (although nursing sisters occasionally jumped the queue and headed the list).

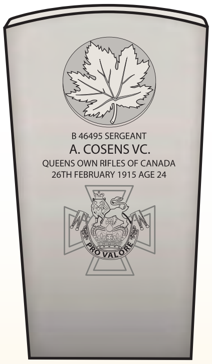
It is also the central principle behind the work of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, of which Canada was a founding member in 1917: All war dead would be commemorated with identical headstones, regardless of rank. (The only exception is John McCrae, who is buried beneath a standard headstone but has a commemorative bench in his honour in Wimereux Communal Cemetery in France.) The same thinking was behind the creation of the seven Books of Remembrance, the first of which was completed in 1942 — when it was already clear that there would have to be a second book. The names of the dead are listed by year in al-

Tending the Graves of the Fallen

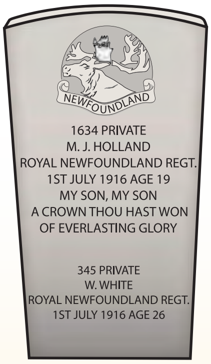
Historically, professional soldiers killed in wartime were often buried en masse, frequently in unmarked graves. But the sheer number of soldiers killed during the First World War led to concerted efforts to ensure their burial places would not be lost. In 1917, the Imperial — later the Commonwealth — War Graves Commission was created to ensure that soldiers' remains were buried, recorded, marked and remembered. Today, the commission cares for cemeteries and memorials for the world war dead of its member nations, including Canada, at twenty-three locations in 153 countries.


RIP
IN MEMORY OF
LIEUT N. H. PAWLEY
44TH CAN INF
KILLED IN ACTION
12.4.17

Wooden crosses marked graves during the Great War.


B 46495 SERGEANT
A. COSENS VC.
QUEENS OWN RIFLES OF CANADA
26TH FEBRUARY 1915 AGE 24
PRO VALORE

Stone monuments replaced wooden crosses after the war.


NEWFOUNDLAND
1634 PRIVATE
M. J. HOLLAND
ROYAL NEWFOUNDLAND REGT.
1ST JULY 1916 AGE 19
MY SON, MY SON
A CROWN THOU HAST WON
OF EVERLASTING GLORY
345 PRIVATE
W. WHITE
ROYAL NEWFOUNDLAND REGT.
1ST JULY 1916 AGE 26

The caribou symbolized the Newfoundland Regiment.

THE ROOMS PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES

Above: The opening of Newfoundland Memorial Park at Beaumont-Hamel, France, on June 7, 1925.

Below left: Canadian veterans in Ottawa on June 6, 2014, to commemorate the seventieth anniversary of D-Day.

Below right: A Canadian veteran at Juno Beach in 2014.

phabetical order, with no special consideration shown to the high and mighty. In the book for 1916, Major-General Malcolm Mercer, commanding officer of the 3rd Division, barrister, pre-war militia officer, and a leading light of Toronto society, is followed by Thomas Mercer, a simple seafarer from Beaver Cove, Newfoundland, who enlisted in the infantry in Halifax in 1915.

No matter what commemorative activities are planned by the federal government, it seems likely that community and private initiatives will follow these old patterns — focusing on the people rather than the principles, and affirming the democracy of death in wartime as it was understood in the last century. Those traditional practices will draw new force from some characteristics of the twenty-first century, such as the tendency to see the past nostalgically. We live in a complicated world, and so we look back at a time when things seemed so much simpler: We knew who the enemy was, and we knew what had to be done to defeat them. Today, when the enemy could be international terrorism or multinational corporations, religious fundamentalism or climate change, we yearn for a black-and-white world like the world of the 1910s or the 1940s.

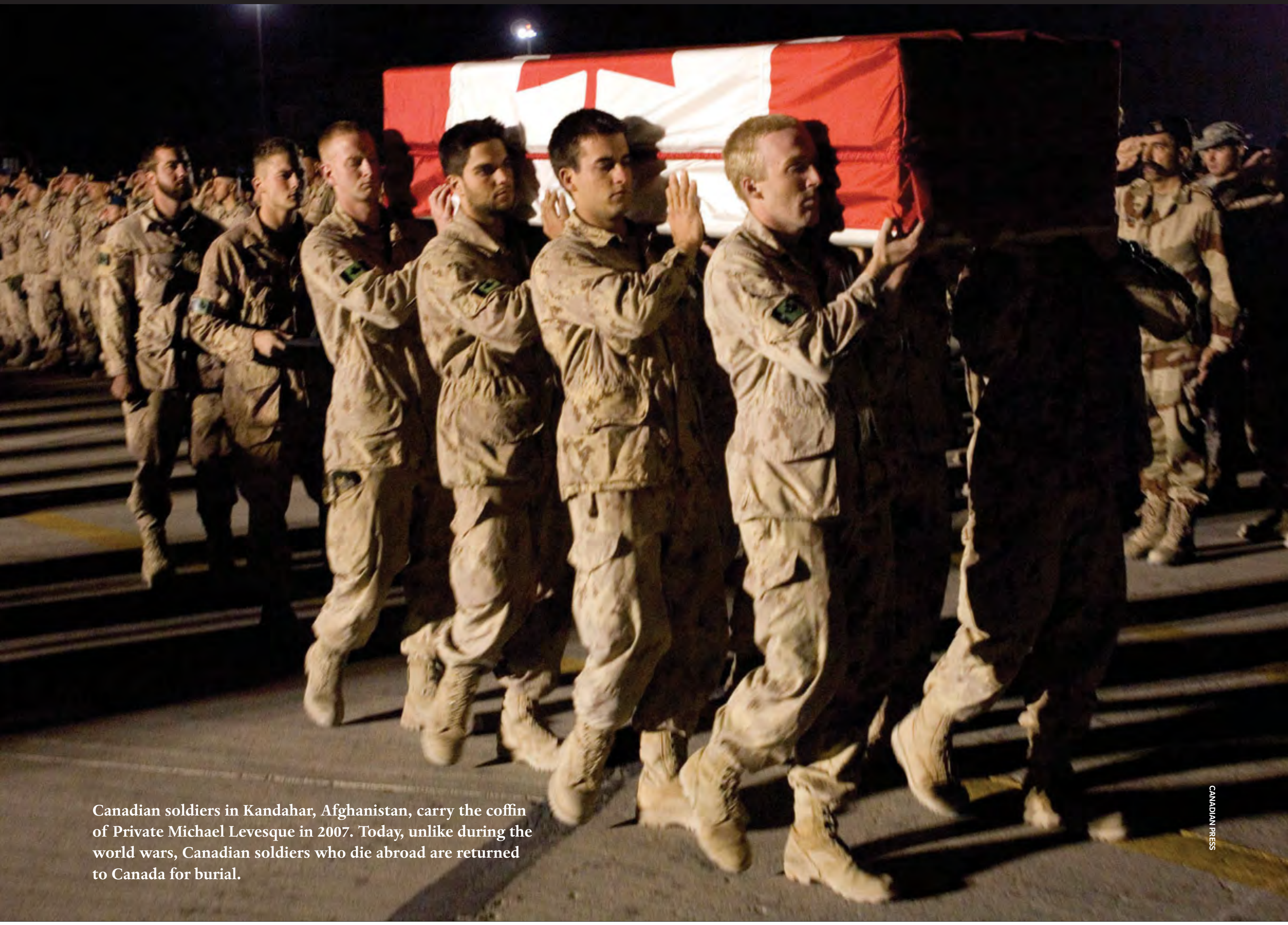
Curiosity will be an even more powerful factor in how these commemorative projects are conceived and embraced. In the twenty-first century, the past is regularly recreated, and there are many opportunities for people to "time travel" — living history museums, re-enactor groups, first-person video games. With the world wars about to occupy a commanding position in the commemorative landscape, the lure of placing oneself in history will be powerful. How would I have reacted in the same situation? It is an unanswerable question, even for people who assume their beliefs are rock-solid.

When I was fifteen years old, would I have lied about my age to get into the infantry, as so many boys did in 1916?

During the First World War, French Mennonites had to decide between their faith's historic commitment to nonviolence and resisting an invader that had already committed

CANADIAN PRESS

JAMES GILLESPIE



Canadian soldiers in Kandahar, Afghanistan, carry the coffin of Private Michael Levesque in 2007. Today, unlike during the world wars, Canadian soldiers who die abroad are returned to Canada for burial.

CANADIAN PRESS

countless atrocities against Belgian and French civilians; most of them chose resistance.

Thousands of campus pacifists in North America in the late 1930s signed declarations that they would never go to war, even if their country was invaded. A few years later, the vast majority of them had enlisted voluntarily.

Because the questions are unanswerable, they are that much more appealing to the imagination. When I was fifteen years old, would I have lied about my age to get into the infantry, as so many boys did in 1916? What about the sheer physical endurance that makes our "roughing it" wilderness trek seem like a weekend in a luxury penthouse? Could I have borne it? Would I have had the mental strength to endure life at the front? We should be amazed not that so many young men suffered from shell shock but that not all of them did.

More broadly, we are engaged by a curiosity about ordinary people who, seventy-five or a hundred years ago, found themselves in extraordinary circumstances. We wonder about the young man in uniform who smiles down from the old photograph in the high school; about the family whose grief is manifest in the glorious stained-glass window in the church; about the young woman who trained to be a nurse in the hospital and whom war robbed of a career of compassion and caring.

JAMES GILLESPIE

A floral tribute honours the fallen at Juno Beach during seventieth-anniversary commemorations in 2014.

The coming years of commemoration can have meaning if we as a society decide that such people don't deserve to be forgotten. Behind each name is a life, behind each photo a person worth knowing. Remembering is our obligation, but also our privilege.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

British artist Augustus John sketches at the front in December 1917.

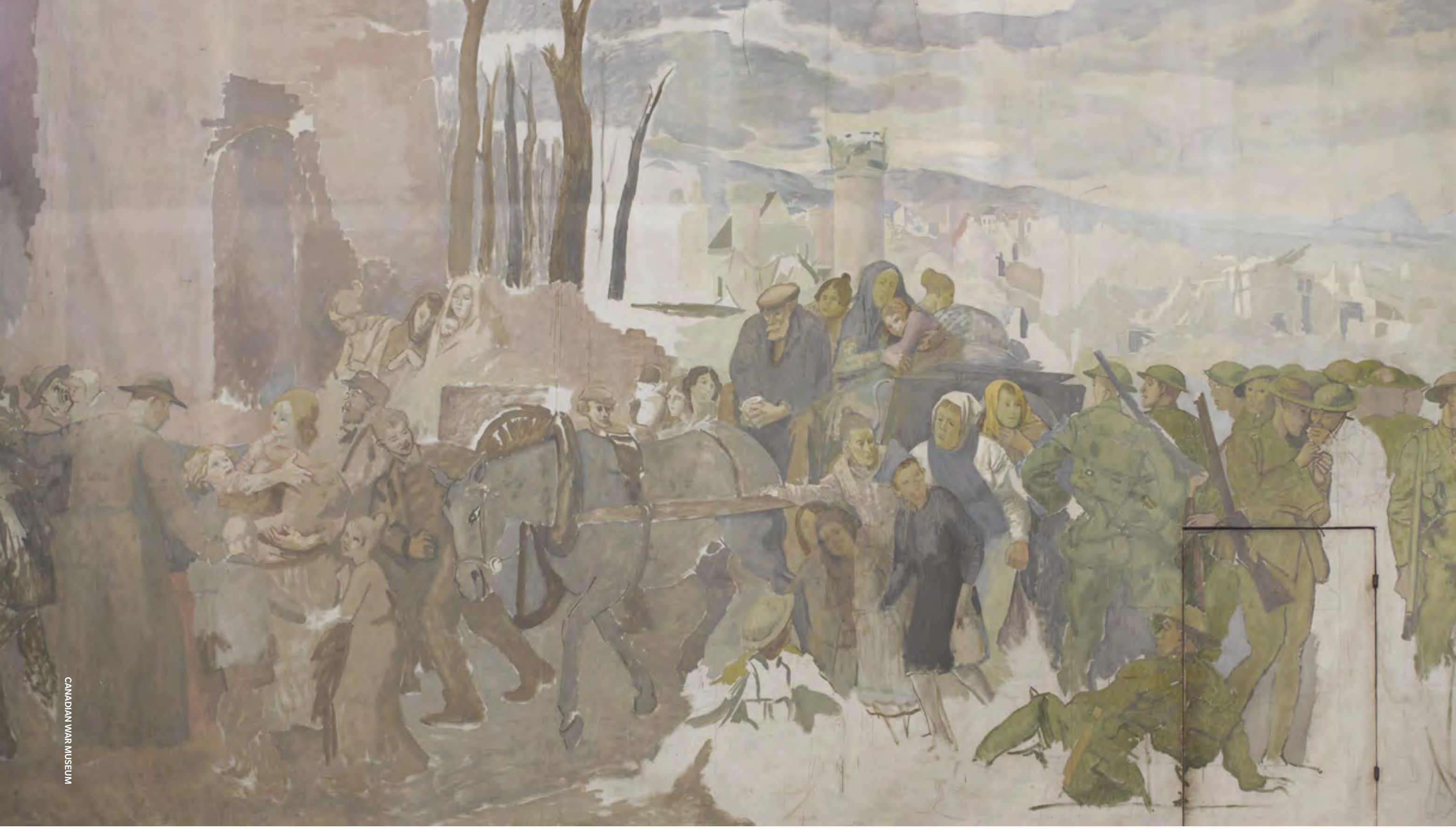
PAGEANT OF WAR

The chaotic world of Augustus John, the artist behind Canada's largest commissioned First World War painting — a piece that was never finished.

by Laura Brandon

When I first heard of the British artist Augustus John in the early 1970s, I was a young undergraduate student with a toothache in Bristol, England. The dentist I consulted distracted me from the inevitable pain wrought by his old-fashioned drill by recounting how, as a student, he had once lived in an apartment in Earls Court, London, near one frequented by Augustus John. Dental circumstances at the time were hardly conducive to accurate note-taking, but the dentist's description of the artist was memorable. His Augustus John was no heroic genius of the traditional artist type I was studying but an old, bedraggled — if not filthy and perhaps drunk — individual with matted hair on the lookout for women.

A few years later, as a volunteer tour guide at the Art Gallery of Ontario, I encountered John's magnificent 1919 portrait of the flame-haired Marchesa Casati. It was hard to put the two together — the old man and the beauty — and at the time I did not try. Trying came when I began to work at the Canadian War Museum in 1992 as its curator of war art. It was not long before I realized the collection was missing a very important work by Augustus John. As I began to search for it, I hoped I would find something as good as the Marchesa and not something that would remind me of the individual my dentist had described. I found a little of both. In 1995, I encountered Augustus John's massive unfinished 1918–19 war painting *The Canadians Opposite Lens*. I recognised in it John's immense capabilities as an artist. I also glimpsed in it some tragic weaknesses. This is its story.



CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

At almost four metres high and twelve metres wide, Augustus John's unfinished *The Canadians Opposite Lens* was intended as a centrepiece for a postwar memorial art gallery in Ottawa. It depicts troops, refugees, and prisoners of war at the battle-scarred landscape near Vimy Ridge in France.

Prince William and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, were the first people in Canada to see the country's largest commissioned First World War painting in a public setting. It was the day after Canada Day in 2011, and the royals' visit to the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa included meeting veterans and their families and unveiling the new art acquisition. When the red theatre curtain that covered the painting opened, the couple saw a huge, rather grubby, unfinished oil-on-canvas painting with a join in the middle and what looked like a bad rectangular repair job at its base. The latter element had covered a door. According to Jane Taber in the *Globe and Mail*, "The Prince got a kick out of that, pointing to the doorway and smiling."

Extensive published and unpublished material reveals a compelling and very human story played out over ninety-five years and featuring a brilliant but wayward artist, his admiral son, an Anglo-Canadian press baron, a rich, well-connected British political family, the National Gallery of Canada, the Canadian War Museum, a Chilean copper billionaire, artist A.Y. Jackson, and a number of Canadian High Commissioners. It is a story ultimately driven by a perceived need to ensure that a unique concept to commemorate Canada's role in the Great War with a vast painting survived to tell its tale. But, twenty years after the work was started, this already seemed an unlikely outcome.

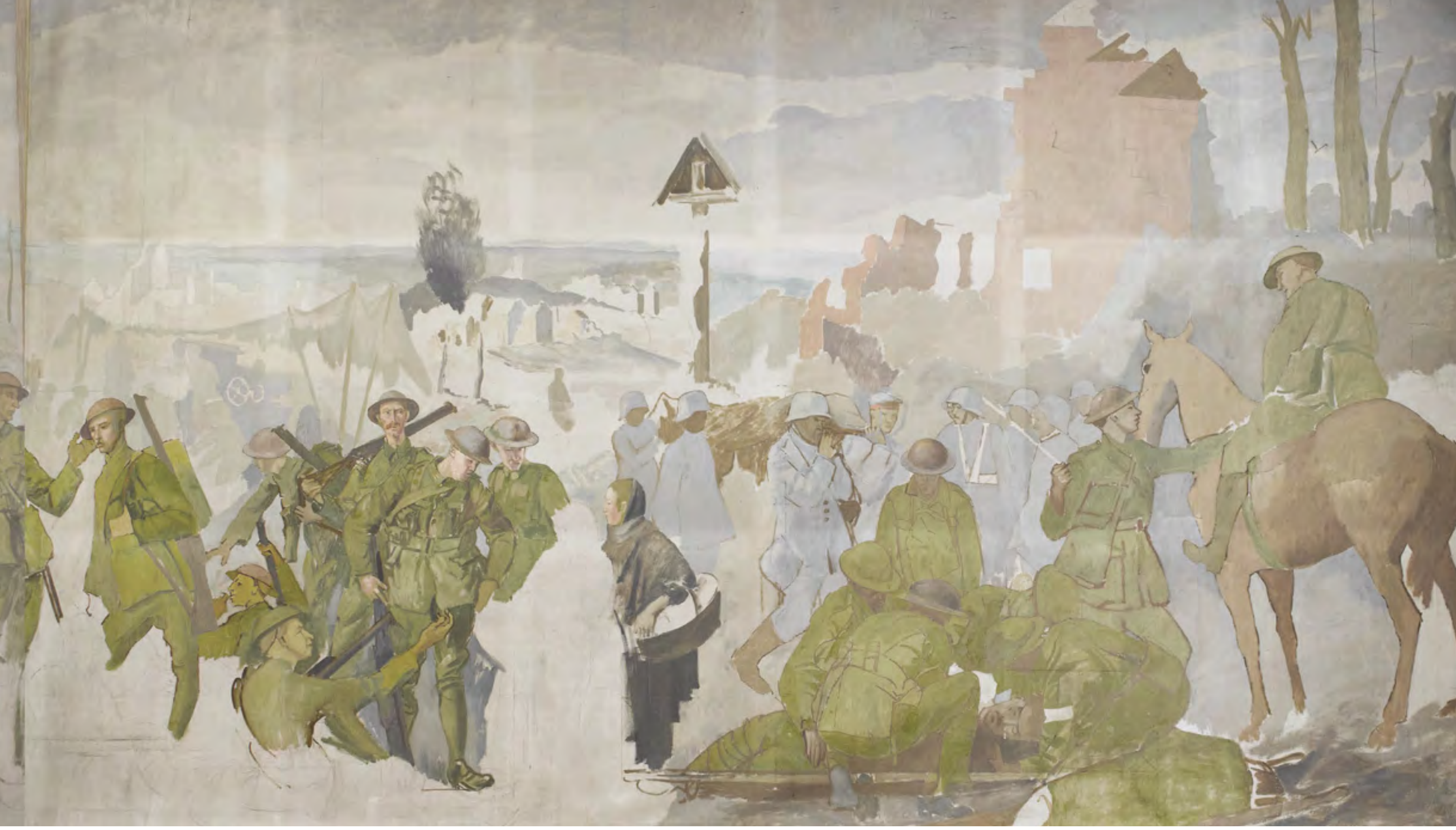
Writer Cynthia Asquith described her first viewing of the canvas more positively: "It is all sketched in, but without any painting yet. I was tremendously impressed."

In December 1938, Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner in London, described the painting's condition as "doubtful" in a letter to Harry McCurry, director of the National Gallery. He was, however, "much impressed with the magnitude and distinction of the conception" and believed that with some financial assistance from the gallery John might be persuaded to finish it. "I greatly hope you will concur in the proposal," Massey wrote, "that John should be commissioned to complete this work. It would be a crowning glory of the War Memorials collection and a great national treasure."

Certainly, photographs widely viewable on the Internet show the royal couple looking up at the canvas with evident curiosity. Jean Spear, a former war bride who was present, remembers the clapping as the mural was revealed and thinking, "I have to come back and give this painting the attention it deserves."

Nearly four metres in height and more than twelve metres wide, the painting of a military scene dwarfed the couple. But why wasn't it finished, and why did it only arrive in Canada more than nine decades after it was first commissioned?

Variously titled *Opposite Lens*, *Winter*, *The Canadians at*



Lens, and *The Pageant of War*, the collage of Canadian First World War experiences and events, including Vimy Ridge, was intended to be the centrepiece of a postwar memorial art gallery in Ottawa that was never built. Instead, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King built the Peace Tower. The painting was the product of the innovative Canadian War Records program of Lord Beaverbrook, the Canadian-born British Cabinet member and newspaper owner. Program art advisor and newspaper critic P.G. Konody compared the massive canvas's potential significance in Western art to Renaissance masterpieces. "To find its rival," he wrote in *Art and War*, the tasteful coffee-table publication that accompanied the January 1919 exhibition of Canada's war art at Burlington House, London, "one has to go back to Michelangelo, Signorelli, Raphael, or Leonardo."

Although more than a hundred British, Canadian, and other Commonwealth artists received commissions or had their nearly one thousand mostly eyewitness works purchased by the war records organization (art that's now largely in the Canadian War Museum), John's participation was clearly a coup. In 1917, the *London Times* had dubbed him "the most famous of living English painters."

Born in Wales in 1878, John studied art at the Slade School in London. Legend has it that an 1897 diving accident involving a rock made him into a genius by sufficiently disturbing his brain matter that his art took off and his personality likewise. Before long he was living in a gypsy caravan and managing both a legal wife and a mistress at the same time, along with a brood of nine legitimate children. There were more children — reputedly at least a hundred — but less than half a dozen of them have ever come forward to claim him as their father. Art critic Brian Sewell famously averred that John was driven "to draw the women whom he bedded, and bed the women whom he drew."

Life centred on the Café Royal near Piccadilly Circus, London, at one point reputed to have the finest wine cellar in the world and definitely the place to see and be seen. You could not miss John with his gypsy hat, silk scarf, and gold earring. At the outbreak of the First World War, he was the best-known artist in Britain, his Post-Impressionist painting style and brilliant drafting skills bringing in commission after commission — portraits, landscapes, and figure studies, but particularly portraits.

Six months after the Canadian victory at Vimy Ridge in April 1917, the Canadian War Records Office, responsible for war art, gave John a five-month honorary commission as a major attached to the Overseas Military Forces of Canada to complete a subject of his choosing — a fact that speaks further to the high opinion in which he was held. Beaverbrook certainly agreed with it. Writing to British Attorney General F.E. Smith in November 1917, he extolled John as "the greatest artist of our time and possibly of any time." Since its outbreak, the artist had been ambivalent about contributing to the war. Age, health, and a growing family were concerns, but he also lacked motivation — painting portraits was easier. The Canadian commission took all that off his shoulders by giving him both creative opportunity and pay.

Early in 1918, John was sent to France. In a January 1918 letter to his then common-law wife Dorelia, John was at first less than enthusiastic about his first encounter with the Western Front; he described the shattered countryside as

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Augustus John, wearing one of the wide-brimmed hats for which he was famous, poses for press photographers on board a ship, date unknown.

"rather a bore." Battles raised a more enthusiastic response from him. In February he wrote to Dorelia, "I saw a wonderful show last night when we discharged two thousand gas drums at the Boches followed by an intense bombardment. Things are getting interesting out here." The Western Front (he was in the Béthune-Arras, or Canadian, sector) increasingly inspired John. "All is glittering in the front," he wrote poet Arthur Symons, "Amidst great silence the guns reverberate. I shall take ages to get all I want done in preparation for a huge canvas." Photographs show him in classic heroic poses among the ruins, pencil at the ready.

As his biographer Michael Holroyd acutely notes, his war commission offered the now increasingly deaf and middle-aged artist "a new life, a fresh stimulus for his painting." But it was a limited stimulus; in the few months he directly encountered it, the full horror that was the First World War seemed to pass John by. "It was an untypically peaceful time," Holroyd stated, and possibly left too much time for the artist to visit Paris, Amiens, and London — and to party.

John's letters home document an energetic social life that to the degree possible probably replicated his Café Royal-centred London carousing. John was known as a drinker, a bohemian, and a womanizer. No uniform, no official position, no batman, no driver could disguise entirely the reprobate he already was, nor truly restore a flagging career. The pressure to produce to expectations took its toll. After three months in France, John was sent home in disgrace for taking part in a brawl in which, as Holroyd recounts, "he knocked out one of his fellow officers." A comment from the officer interpreted by John as an insult triggered John's heavy-fisted response.

Only Beaverbrook's intervention saved him from a court martial. The press baron was not pleased. As late as April 1941, in a letter to Sir Walter Monckton, who was then director general of the Ministry of Information, Beaverbrook lamented that he gave John everything and got "not a damned thing out of him."

For John the event was a significant shock and arguably marks the point in his career when things started to go downhill. The work Augustus John did after the First World War enjoys nothing like the reputation of his prewar compositions. Unable to return to France, John worked on his mural. Determined not to lose sight of the military persona he had briefly cultivated, the artist included himself in the eventual painting's design on the far right. But it was the act of an artist who had lost his way, one who could observe and paint the individual activities and persona of war but could not find an overarching meaning to it all. He was grappling, as he later said, "with my Canadian incubus," his personal source of distress and anxiety.

After the war, John completed and exhibited the full-size charcoal drawing (known as a cartoon) for his finished composition at the 1919 Canadian war art show in London. Given such high expectations, there was general disappointment. "Dull" and "mediocre" wrote one critic. Artist John Singer Sargent, whose painting *Gassed* is the most famous British First World War painting, was not impressed. "I was afraid," he wrote on seeing the cartoon, "I should be depressed by seeing something in it that would make me feel that my picture is conventional, academic, and boring." Writer Cynthia Asquith described her first viewing of the canvas more positively: "It is all sketched in, but without any painting yet. I was tremendously impressed. I think it is magnificent, and it rather took my breath away — a splendid composition, and what an undertaking to fill a forty-foot canvas!"

What Lady Asquith saw was a Western Front panorama featuring more than fifty carefully delineated individuals — soldiers, refugees, casualties, stretcher-bearers, prisoners, Red Cross workers, women, children, horses — all set against a backdrop of trucks, ruins, an observation balloon, bursting shells, and the mining landscape surrounding Vimy Ridge. Drawn from life, the dozens of figure studies for John's soldier-subjects are found in public and private collections around the world. Curiously, no sketches of women, children, refugees, or German soldiers appear to exist. And there are few landscape scenes that can be connected to the canvas. The small oil "modello" for the completed canvas is in Fredericton's Beaverbrook Art Gallery, the gift of Lord Beaverbrook.

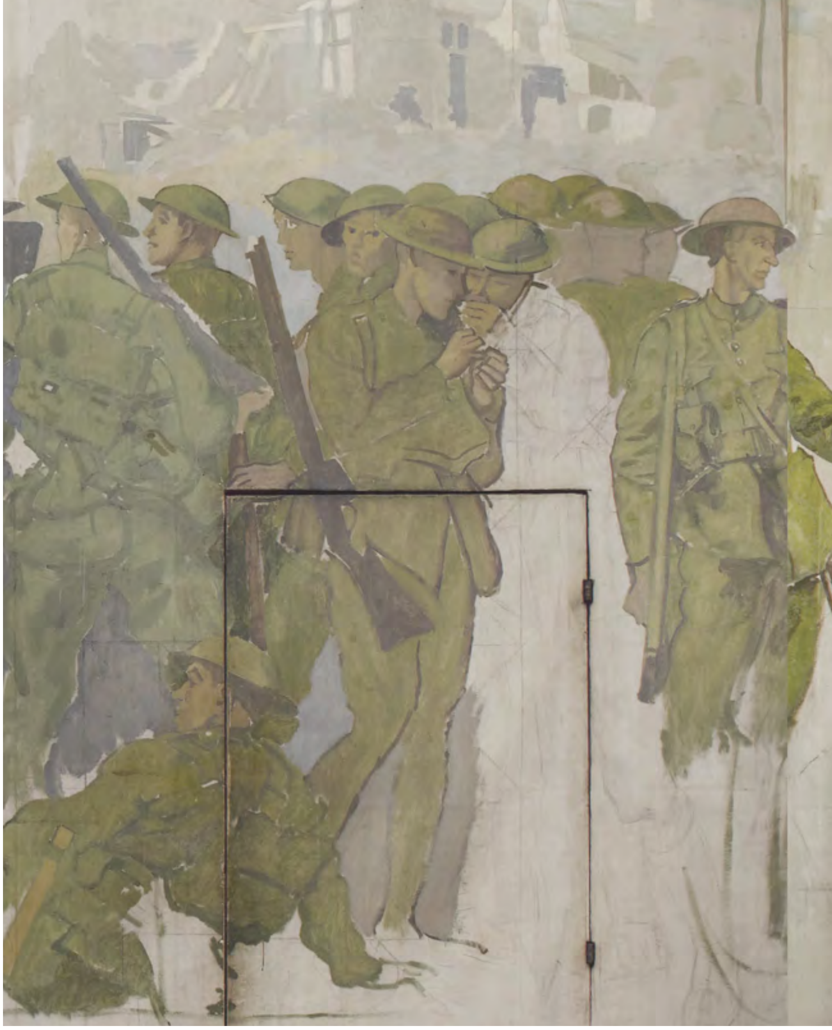
Following the 1919 Burlington House exhibition and the transfer of the bulk of the exhibited artworks to Canada, the National Gallery of Canada — which housed the Canadian War Memorials Fund paintings until 1971 (when they transferred them to the Canadian War Museum) — continued to hope that the massive John canvas would be completed and also sent to Canada. In 1923, National Gallery director Eric Brown pronounced John's work and two other paintings that had not crossed the Atlantic "the greatest in existence," and in subsequent years he explored ways to ensure that John completed the canvas. It would seem that at this point in time Brown had not actually seen it and was using John's reputation as a barometer of its excellence, a viewpoint that altered downward as more was learned about the painting's actual state and quality.

Despite the gallery's initial eagerness to acquire John's canvas in a finished state as part of the Canadian War Memorials Fund collection, ultimately the mural was never completed (about one third is unpainted, but it is all sketched in) due in part to the absence, in the artist's eyes, of a permanent (and worthy) exhibition space. He was well aware, through his ongoing friendship with Beaverbrook, that the building for which the mural was intended had never been built.

In 1962, a year after his father's death, Admiral Sir Caspar John noted in a letter to then National Gallery director Charles Comfort that "he wished he [Augustus John] had felt inspired to complete [it] — but at the time he had no encouragement as to where [it] could possibly hang." This was not entirely true. John worked on it sporadically with Beaverbrook's encouragement (who wished to exhibit it in his new eponymous gallery in Fredericton) until a year before his 1961 death. "How I wish that big picture might be handed over to us for exhibition there," wrote Beaverbrook on one occasion. However, like an albatross around his neck, the painting stubbornly remained in John's possession. In 1962, it was sold at auction as part of the late artist's studio sale for 550 guineas and effectively disappeared.

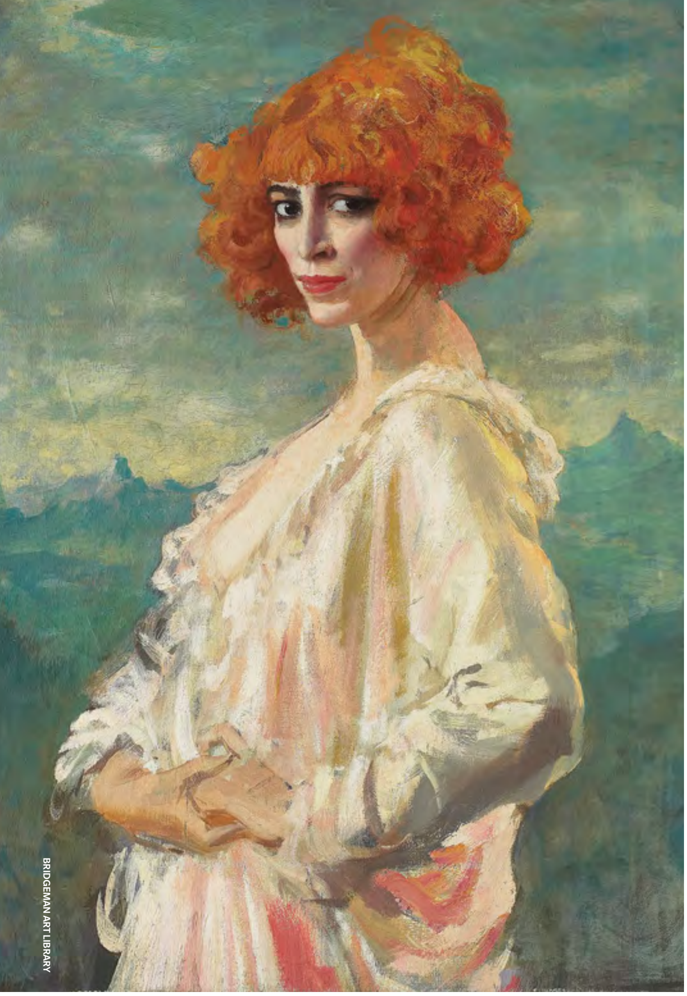
Canadian High Commissioner to Britian Vincent Massey eventually purchased the cartoon and gave it to the National Gallery, concluding that the drawing was the better work. It was, at least, complete. He was not the first to think this. As early as 1923, banker Sir Edmund Walker, a member of the Canadian War Memorials Fund committee, had written to Beaverbrook that he thought "it unlikely that [John] will ever finish the great war picture. It was partly because of this conviction that I suggested the possibility of obtaining the cartoon or study of the picture." Thanks to Caspar John's efforts, a number of the preliminary drawings the artist had retained until his death ended up in the National Gallery of Canada's collection.

With the help of Michael Regan, who was then the visual arts officer at Canada House in London, I located the mural in late 1994. Beginning in 1993, my research had established that Gerald Hochschild, a Chilean mining millionaire and son of the legendary Bolivian tin baron Moritz Hochschild, had purchased the mural for his new home at 96 Cheyne Walk, London. Set on the foundations of Henry VIII's chancellor Sir Thomas More's Thamesside garden, the house was once the home of the famous American artist James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Hochschild had the house decorated by the legendary John Fowler, whose expertise lay in creating the then popular slightly faded English country house look. The renovation included adding a music room, and John's mural fitted the bill as wallpaper; it was definitely faded, English, and decorative. Mining was also part of its subject matter. Windows on one side and a fireplace on the other necessitated cutting the mural in half. It was also cut to accommodate a door. Each piece, however, was given new canvas edges attached to battens that hung from the walls, rather than being glued to them. This proved fortuitous, as it will enable future restoration.


DETAIL/CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Before being acquired by the Canadian War Museum in 2011, *The Canadians Opposite Lens* was attached to two walls in a music room in a home in London, England. A small panel was cut out to accommodate a door.

At some point, probably in the 1970s, the Chelsea house and its mural sold to the late British Conservative Cabinet minister Paul Channon, Lord Kelvedon, the only son of the notorious American political diarist "Chips" Channon and the brewing heiress Lady Honor Guinness. Subsequent correspondence between Lord Kelvedon, the Canadian War Museum, and former High Commissioner to Britain Roy McLaren indicates that from then on the museum wanted to know what happened to the mural, given its significant place in the memorialization of Canada's role in



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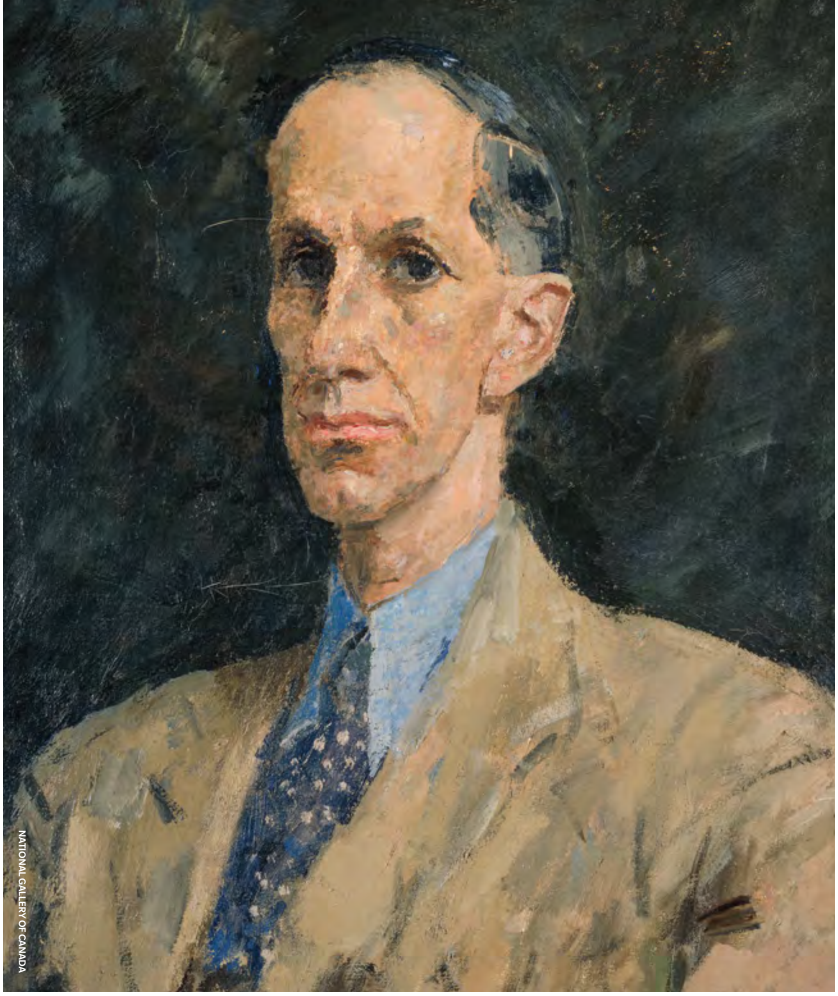


NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

Augustus John's finished paintings include *The Marchesa Casati*, 1919, above left, and *Vincent Massey, 1938*, completed when Massey was High Commissioner for Canada to Great Britain.

the First World War. "I do indeed remember your interest in the Augustus John painting and I can assure you that if I were to have any plan to dispose of this picture I should certainly let the Canadian War Museum know about it," Lord Kelvedon wrote to me in April 1998.

It was an agent of the Guinness family who informed me of the mural's availability for purchase in August 2010. Following Lady Kelvedon's death in 2009, the house and its contents had gone on the market. The house was purchased for 25 million pounds by Roman Abramovich, the Russian billionaire owner of the Chelsea Football Club. His new neighbour at number 98 is Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones. The Canadian War Museum purchased the mural and placed it among masterpieces by the Group of Seven. This is fitting, as it was A.Y. Jackson who, as he wrote in his biography, was tasked "to help select some typical Canadian soldiers for John to paint."

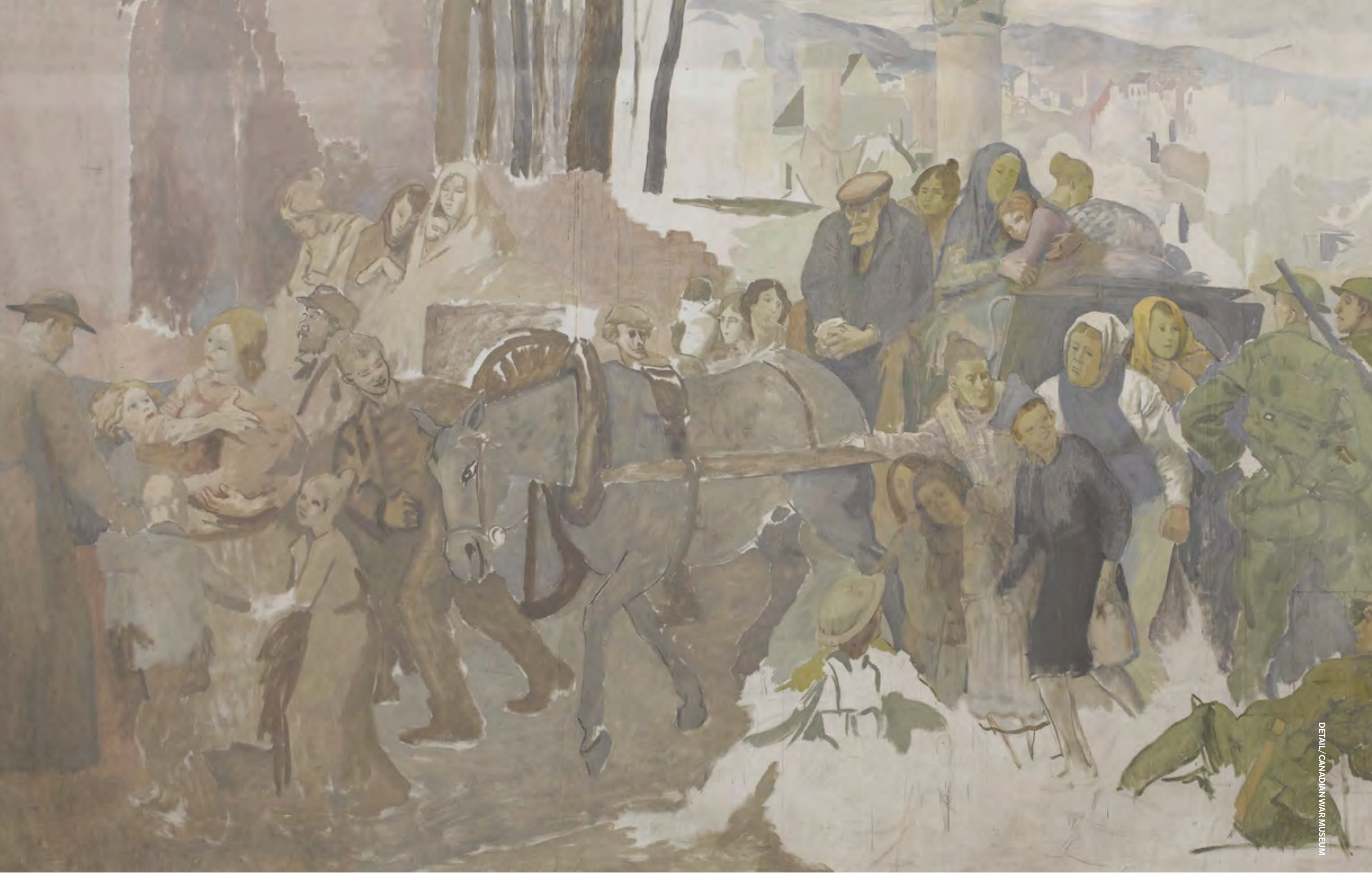
This is essentially the end of this extraordinary story of survival. It is a miracle that the painting has made it to Canada and to the collection it was intended to grace. Its acquisition by the Canadian War Museum finally reveals what Lord Beaverbrook, the collection's creator, thought the scheme's ultimate artistic meaning should be. In its current war art displays, the museum hints at this.

For example, visitors leaving Regeneration Hall pass under Charles Sims' vast, tragic 1918 canvas *Sacrifice*, intended as the counterpoint to John's canvas and the last painting visitors would see before exiting Beaverbrook's never-built war memorial art gallery. With its heart-rending figures — the dead and dying, the bereaved and wounded, the orphaned and widowed — *Sacrifice* is the cost of war writ large. Now the museum can also exhibit John's massive canvas and tell in a memorable and meaningful way the other side of the story, that of commitment, effort, dedication, kindness, and courage. But what kind of a story is it really?

To a not insignificant degree, the mural was a product of John's imagination and earlier experiences as much as it was based on witnessed war scenery and people. It was also coloured by his previous 1916 unfinished commission — a similarly sized mural featuring groups of Irish peasants, entitled *Galway*. The presence in his war painting of so many children bearing an appearance to his own nine, whom he frequently sketched and painted, suggests another source.

Furthermore, in a letter to his wife he wrote: "My synthetic picture still grows — it must as you say have a balloon — quite close and low down and some tanks and I have seen some of the right sort of civilians to bring in — old woman, beauteous girl etc. [not forgetting crucifix]." These are all present, a response to suggestions of his wife, a woman who never visited the Western Front. Overall the scenery is as John described it in letters, but in the absence of any warlike material the painting can be viewed as anodyne.

Why is this so? The First World War is imagined very differently today in Canada. For instance, in the Canadian War Museum's First World War gallery, which was opened


DETAIL/CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

The left side of *The Canadians Opposite Lens* depicts fleeing refugees, subjects not found in most Canadian Great War art of the time.

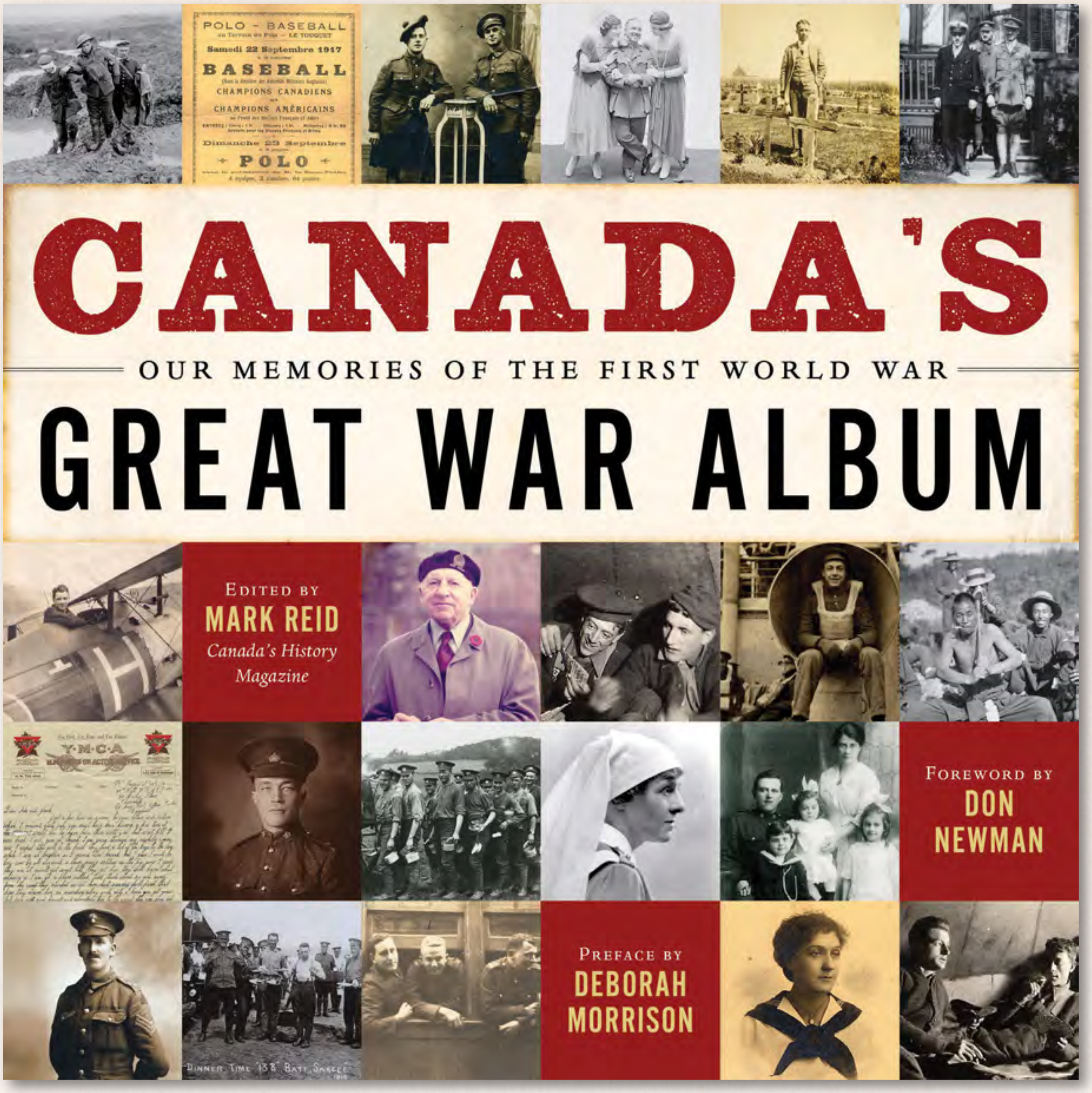
in 2005, the main emphasis is quite clearly the operational and strategic conduct of the war. This is a man's war. It also evinces a national perspective that focuses on Canadians leaving Canada, experiencing Europe, and returning to Canada. With its emphasis on trench, land, and air warfare, there is not much room for the ruins and refugees that populate John's painting.

Canadian home front perspectives on this distant war incorporated into the war museum display are entirely absent in John's depiction. His Canadians are in France surrounded by French civilian refugees, the battle-scarred French landscape, a significant number of German soldiers, and the wounded from both sides. There is some evidence of a cavalry component plus a religious dimension in the form of the priest on the left and Calvary towards the right. The dead tree that slowly became emblematic of Canada's sacrifice in the Great War in hundreds of Canadian artists works makes less than a peripheral appearance in John's.

There is a curious affinity between John's Canadians and the peopled environment in which they pose, which makes them all Europeans of one sort or another. In the museum displays, we have Canadian nationalism writ large. Canadians are not Europeans in this scenario; they are not fighting former family members and friends on familiar soil to which they are attached by a long history. Instead, they are strangers to Europe, people for whom getting there and back entails a long and often dangerous journey and who, as one section tells it, become tourists in a strange land. Probably, as political historian Benedict Anderson would have it, both are imagined communities. But that which was accepted as the dominant Canadian experience in 1918 had become profoundly different by 2005 in the new museum. With the acquisition of the John mural, we can reinvigorate this evolving narrative and, in returning to 1919, consider what we remember now in the context of a painting that fixed another kind of memory (or memories) more than ninety years ago.

I have not found much of my dentist's view of Augustus John in this odyssey. Rather, I have encountered the man who painted the Marchesa Casati during a second trip to France to paint participants at the 1919 Paris Peace Conference. He met her, they had an affair, and he painted her portrait no less than three times. One can only wish that John had put the same verve and effort into his mural and finished it. But at the time he began it he no longer enjoyed any intimacy with war — and intimacy was his life's blood. He lost it when he narrowly avoided being court-martialled and was sent back to England from France. And without intimacy, genius, too, was absent.

Nonetheless, the mural remains a major tour de force providing, as it does, a glimpse not only into the ambitions for Canada's First World War art program but also into the extraordinary if incomplete potential of one of the Western world's most interesting artists, a man crippled by an appetite for life that clearly followed him into old age and in the end crippled the talent he had been given.


CANADA'S
OUR MEMORIES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR
GREAT WAR ALBUM
EDITED BY
MARK REID
Canada's History Magazine
FOREWORD BY
DON NEWMAN
PREFACE BY
DEBORAH MORRISON
POLO - BASEBALL
Samedi 22 Septembre 1917
BASEBALL
CHAMPIONS CANADIENS
CHAMPIONS AMÉRICAINS
Dimanche 23 Septembre
POLO
Y.M.C.A.
DINNER TIME 138 BATT. SARCEE

A SPECIAL EXCERPT FROM OUR LATEST BOOK

When the First World War broke out one hundred years ago, few Canadians could have imagined the impact it would have on their lives. No community was left untouched as men signed up to fight in unprecedented numbers. Out of a total population of just under eight million people, approximately 620,000 men went into uniform and about 3,000 women served as nursing sisters. Of these, more than 60,000 died and 175,000 returned home wounded.

In the aftermath of the war, families held on to precious keepsakes of their loved ones in the form of letters, photographs, and other mementoes. As a First World War anniversary commemoration project, we at *Canada's History* magazine asked you, our readers, to send us your familes' Great War memorabilia for possible inclusion in a book we are publishing this fall, called *Canada's Great War Album*.

The response was overwhelming, as we received many more submissions than we anticipated. In this article, we feature some of the stories and photos that will be published.

We made *Canada's Great War Album* to honour the generation who lived and died during the First World War. We also made it for the generations to come, so that the sacrifices of the Great War generation are never forgotten.

Canada's History sincerely thanks all who participated in this project by sending us their treasured memories. We also invite those who still have photos, stories, and mementoes to share to send them to us at CanadasHistory.ca/GreatWarAlbum for inclusion in our online archive.

ARTHUR FREDERICK BONIFACE:

Faced conflict on the home front

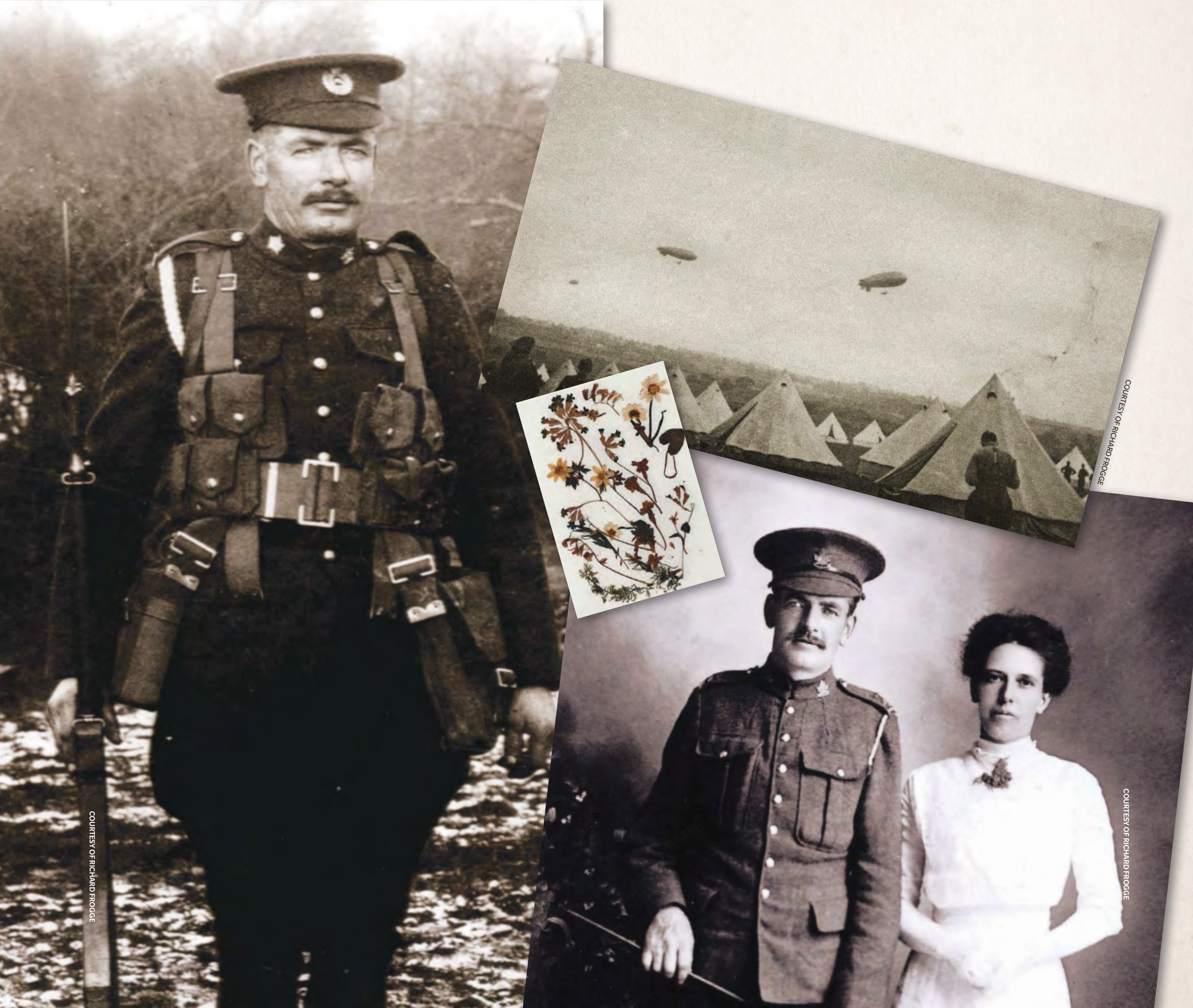
Some relationships did not survive the strain of changing gender roles in the wake of the war. Arthur Frederick Boniface was born in England in 1873, moved to Canada in 1892 and married Rose Rands in 1898. A carpenter, he enlisted at age forty-two, leaving behind his wife and four daughters in Claresholm, Alberta.

He was stationed at Crowborough Camp in England as a driver in the 13th Canadian Mounted Rifles and then served with the 10th Battalion in France. But when Boniface returned home to Claresholm in 1919 he faced a conflict for which he was not prepared. The role of women in Canadian society had changed dramatically. His own wife was a friend of one of the leading women's rights activists of the time — Louise Crummy McKinney of Claresholm, one of the "Famous Five" who successfully lobbied for women's right to sit in the Senate.

"My mother said that he could never become reconciled to the changing roles of women in society following the war, and he eventually separated from my grandmother," said Richard Frogge, Boniface's grandson. Frogge added that while his grandfather was rigid he also could be generous. "Grandfather was religious and a strict teetotaller, but he always gave his army rum ration to another soldier, and when the Claresholm Legion attempted to get a liquor licence he campaigned in support of his fellow veterans," said Frogge.

Boniface lived in Victoria until he died in 1964 at age ninety.

Submitted by Richard Frogge. Arthur and Rose Boniface were his grandparents.



Clockwise from left: Arthur Frederick Boniface at Crowborough Camp, England, in 1916; Crowborough Camp with airships flying overhead; Boniface with his wife, Rose; flowers Boniface dried for his wife while overseas.

COURTESY OF RICHARD FROGGE

COURTESY OF RICHARD FROGGE

COURTESY OF RICHARD FROGGE

JOHN EDWARD HARDING:

Jumped ship to serve at the front

Clockwise from left: Jack Harding, left, with his sister Dorothy, with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, his brother Arthur, with the British Expeditionary Force, and their mother, Katherine, seated lower right, circa 1919; Harding, holding a cat, with *Suffolk* crew mates in 1915; a letter referring to Harding's desertion; Harding and friend Henry Wheele in France.

The sailor's life was not for everyone. Rough seas, harsh discipline, the loneliness of life aboard ship for months at a time, the terror of coming under attack — it all worked to wear men down.

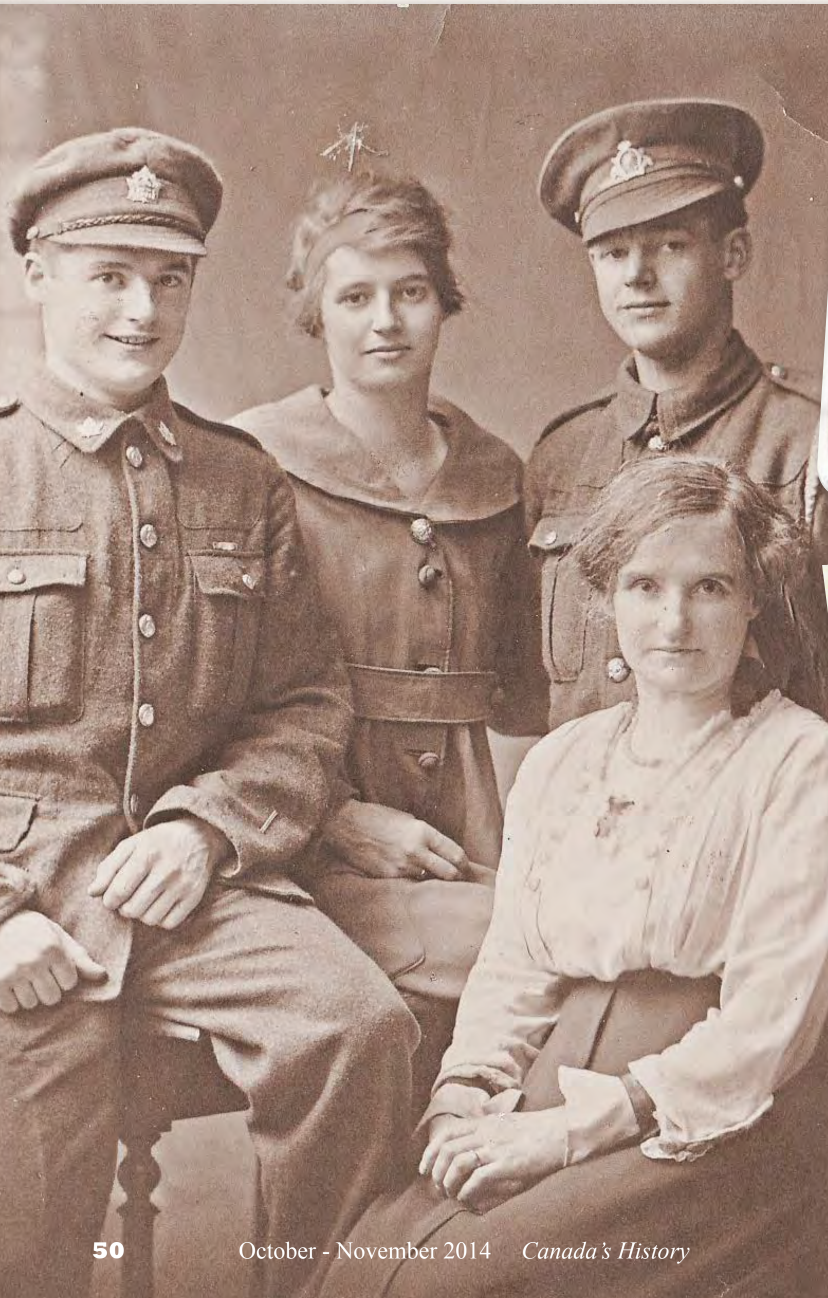
John "Jack" Harding joined the British navy in 1914 as a sixteen-year-old. There was one memory in particular that Harding never forgot — the deadly aftermath of the German torpedoing of the British ocean liner RMS *Lusitania*. "I remember his telling me of his experiences at sea, and especially how his ship in May of 1915 passed by where the *Lusitania* was sunk," said Harding's grandson, Mitch Bubulj. [He was] searching for survivors and seeing bodies and lots of debris floating about on the surface."

By 1916, Harding had had enough of the Royal Navy. He jumped ship while the vessel he was serving on was undergoing repairs at Sheet Harbour, Nova Scotia. Hiding his naval uniform under a rock, he enlisted with the Canadian army, using the alias John Jones (his mother's maiden name).

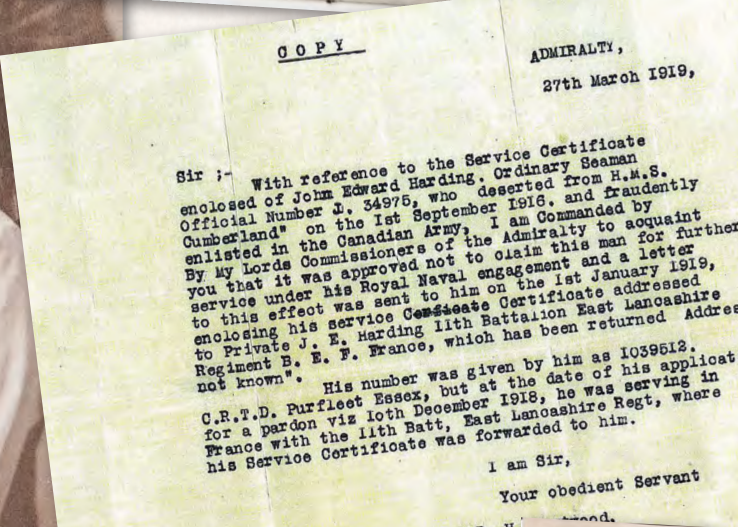
Assigned to the 239th Battalion, Railway Construction Corps, he served in France and Belgium, fighting at both Vimy and Passchendaele. He was eventually pardoned by King George V for abandoning the Royal Navy.

After the war, Harding settled in Toronto, where he worked as a janitor, a cook, and, later, a civil servant at Queen's Park. He died in April 1978.

Submitted by Jack Harding's grandson, Mitch Bubulj of Toronto.



COURTESY OF MITCH BUBULJ



COPY

ADMIRALTY,

27th March I919,

Sir ;- With reference to the Service Certificate enclosed of John Edward Harding. Ordinary Seaman Official Number J. 34975, who deserted from H.M.S. Cumberland" on the Ist September I916. and fraudently enlisted in the Canadian Army, I am Commanded by By My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that it was approved not to claim this man for furthe service under his Royal Naval engagement and a letter to this effect was sent to him on the Ist January I919, enclosing his service ~~Cemficate~~ Certificate addressed to Private J. E. Harding IIth Battalion East Lancashire Regiment B. E. F. France, which has been returned Addres not known".

His number was given by him as I039512. C.R.T.D. Purfleet Essex, but at the date of his applicat for a pardon viz Ioth December I918, he was serving in France with the IIth Batt, East Lancashire Regt, where his Service Certificate was forwarded to him.

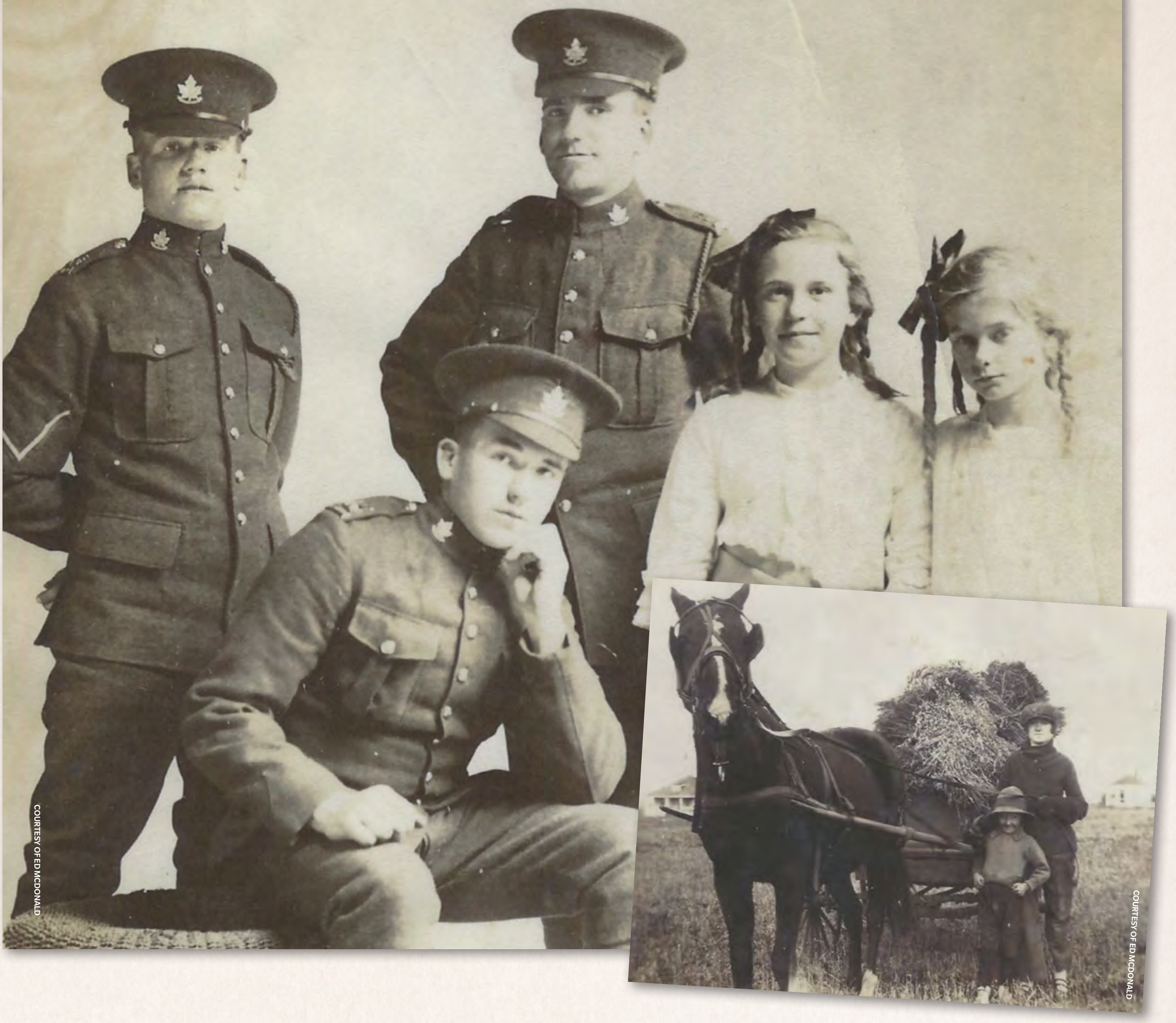
I am Sir,

Your obedient Servant

SGD. H.

The Secretary,
Overseas Military Forces of Ca
Argyll House,
Regent Street, London, West.

COURTESY OF MITCH BUBULJ



COURTESY OF ED MCDONALD

COURTESY OF ED MCDONALD

Above: The main photo shows, from left, George, John, and William Lomax with their sisters Lil and Margaret. The second photo shows Margaret at age seventeen, with an unidentified child, tending the family farm after the war.

GEORGE, WILLIAM, AND JOHN LOMAX:

Brothers in arms

For the Lomax family of Alberta, the aftermath of the First World War lingered for generations. Brothers George, William, and John Lomax signed up to serve with the 31st Canadian Infantry Battalion in the spring of 1916, at ages twenty-two, twenty-one, and nineteen, respectively. They left behind their parents and their two younger sisters, Margaret and Lil.

In October 1916, George was promoted to lance corporal, while William and John remained privates. One month later, however, George made the unusual request of asking to be demoted back to private. He may have wanted to carry the same rank as his brothers. Staying close as a family was important to them. They wrote jocular letters home.

"No Maggie, I never could think of forgetting you, nor any of you at home," wrote William to Margaret.

John, the youngest, was the first of the brothers to die. On April 10, 1917, he was killed in the Battle of Vimy Ridge. George followed a few months later. He was undergoing surgery at the Wharncliffe War Hospital in Sheffield, England, for wounds sustained from battle when he passed away on August 24, 1917, the birthday of the last surviving brother.

William died on January 1, 1919, after returning to Canada at the end of the war. He died of pneumonia, a condition his mother believed had been brought on by mustard gas poisoning.

Three years later, their mother, Elizabeth Ellen Lomax, also died. Doctors said she suffered heart failure. Her grandson, Ed McDonald, believes her death was brought on by grief. "She was really just heartbroken. That's all," he said.

Margaret was left to keep up the family farm near Calgary but eventually the work became too much for her. McDonald, who is Margaret's son, said his mother never overcame her sadness at how the war had torn her family apart. "When I think about it, I find it upsetting, too," McDonald said.

Submitted by Ed McDonald, Margaret Lomax's son.

ROBERT MILLS:

A life turned upside down

It's likely there were times when Robert Mills thought his treatment was worse that the disease. The veteran of Vimy Ridge spent almost five years receiving an experimental therapy to treat the spinal tuberculosis he contracted while serving overseas with the 48th Highlanders.

This was a time before antibiotics, and doctors at Toronto's Dominion Orthopaedic Hospital (DOH) hoped to cure Mills by immobilizing him for hours at a time and placing him in the sun, a treatment known as heliotherapy. Mills, along with others suffering from the same disease, came to be known as the rooftop gang during their time at the DOH. Each day, they were strapped to their hospital beds, arms and necks locked in place, and relocated to the hospital's roof for heavy doses of sunshine. During the therapy, Mills had to view the world through a mirror above his bed.

Mills couldn't have known his life would be so turned upside down when he lied about his age to enlist as a seventeen-year-old. At the Battle of Vimy Ridge in 1917 he was buried by a shell blast, and he spent about a year in English hospitals before being invalided home to Toronto in 1918.

While in hospital, he completed his high school diploma, obtained a degree in business, and met the hospital's head masseuse, Kathleen Jones. After Mills was finally discharged from the hospital in 1923, he married Jones.

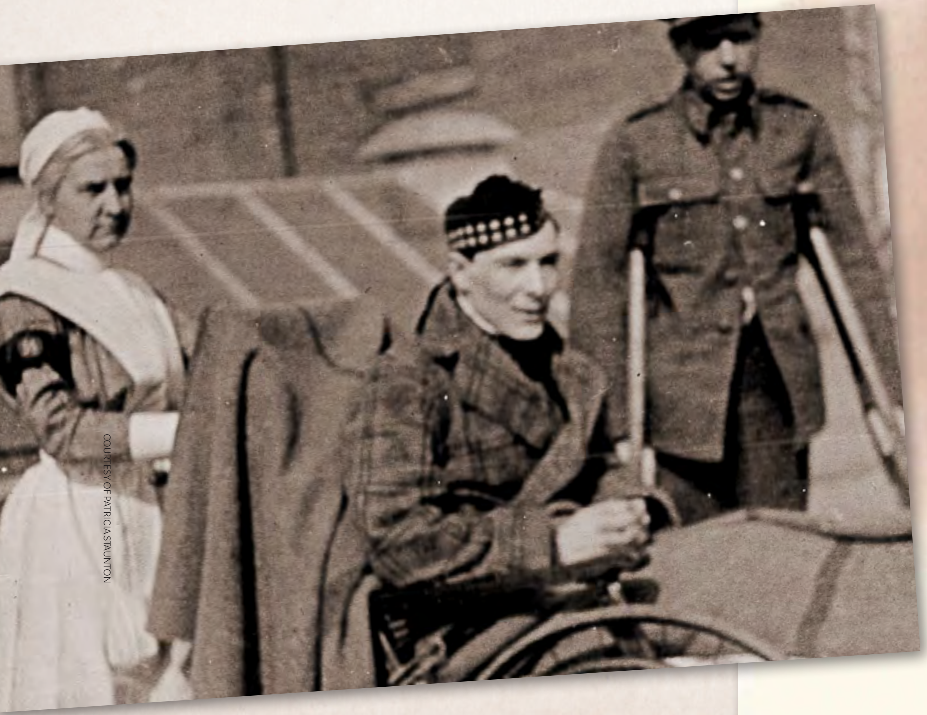
But this was not a straightforward love story. At the time they met, Jones was still recovering from a broken heart. Her fiancé, Gerald Blake, had died at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. She never forgot him. In 1978, Jones gave her granddaughter, Patricia Staunton, a package of letters written by Blake.

Jones told Patricia, "I could not bring myself to destroy them and leave them to you to do what you think is best…. It was a tragedy for me and for Canada that so many thousands of young men were lost — for what?"

Submitted by Patricia Staunton. Robert and Kathleen Mills were her grandparents.

COURTESY OF PATRICIA STAUNTON

COURTESY OF PATRICIA STAUNTON



COURTESY OF PATRICIA STAUNTON

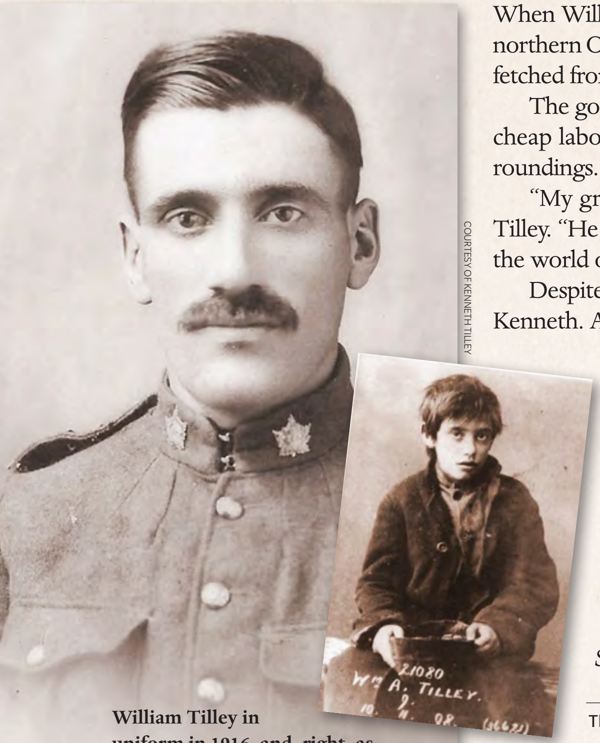
Top: Robert Mills in 1916, before he was wounded.

Centre: Kathleen (Jones) Mills as a young woman.

Left: Robert Mills at the Dominion Orthopaedic Hospital in Toronto.

WILLIAM ALFRED TILLEY:

Home child fought for Empire



COURTESY OF KENNETH TILLEY

William Tilley in uniform in 1916, and, right, as a street urchin in England in 1898.

When William Tilley was ten years old, he was rounded up, put on a boat, and shipped to a farm in northern Ontario, far from his home in England. It was 1899, and Tilley was among the home children fetched from Britain's slums to be put to work as labourers in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

The goal of the program was to clear Britain of excess children living in poverty while providing cheap labour to the colonies. But many home children faced abusive conditions in their new surroundings. Tilley was one of them.

"My grandfather was a Cockney lad who had likely never seen a farm," said grandson Kenneth Tilley. "He was sometimes beaten by his employer and at some point ran away and made his way in the world on his own."

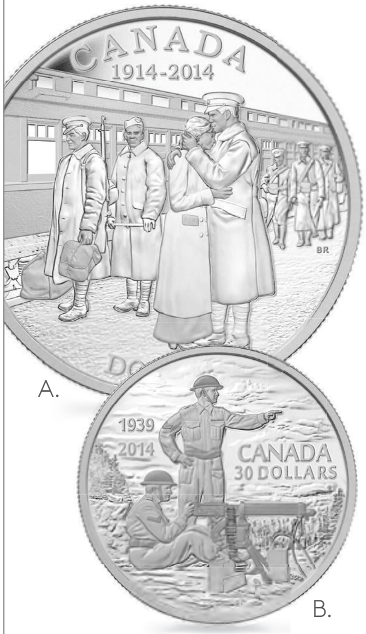
Despite this traumatic upbringing, Tilley volunteered in 1916 to fight for "King and country," said Kenneth. At the time, he was twenty-seven, married, and living in Toronto. Even in uniform, home children like Tilley were often thought less of by many Canadians, as well as by the British officers who commanded them, said Tilley's grandson.

William Tilley served as a sapper in France, where he suffered a minor gunshot wound and was seriously gassed. He was discharged in February 1919 as medically unfit. He suffered breathing problems but lived to age seventy-two.

Kenneth Tilley said his grandfather's willingness to fight for England is a testament to his loyalty. "[Home children] signed up to defend a system and way of life that had not shown much decency or compassion to them in their short lives," he said. "My grandfather was an 'Empire man' to the end of his life."

Submitted by Kenneth Tilley, grandson of William Tilley.

The text accompanying the submissions to *Canada's Great War Album* project was written by Editor-in-Chief Mark Reid and interns Hayley Caldwell, Danelle Cloutier, Steve Ducharme, Kristy Hoffman, Jessica Knapp, and Mark Schram.



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From left: Historica Canada president Anthony Wilson-Smith, 2014 Arts & Stories winners Andrea Lanouette, Nicole Paul, Mercedes Sandy, and Aviaq Johnston, and Enbridge Inc. vice-president D'Arcy Levesque.

HISTORIC CANADA/ANNEMARIE GRUDEN

SUPERB STORYTELLERS

Aboriginal Arts & Stories competition celebrates decade of excellence.

It began modestly ten years ago as a way to promote young Aboriginal writers. Today it's a showcase event that celebrates outstanding new indigenous writing and art.

Earlier this year, the Aboriginal Arts & Stories competition marked its tenth anniversary with a gala celebration at the Canadian Museum of History in Ottawa.

Capturing top prize in the junior writing category this year was Andrea Lanouette, a sixteen-year-old from Surrey, British Columbia. Her story, "Tears," tells of an Aboriginal girl who in 1969 is murdered while hitchhiking along the infamous Highway of Tears in northern British Columbia.

"I wanted to turn the faces of the women we see on the news who died hitchhiking on Highway 16 into characters we could relate to and love," Lanouette said. "I wanted my readers to remember that the victims had lives, and friends, and families just like ours."

The winner of the senior category was Aviaq Johnston of Iqaluit, Nunavut. The twenty-one-year-old's story, "Tarnikuluk," draws on traditional Inuit tales to explore the impacts of youth suicide and colonialism.

"My story speaks about these intergenerational effects as experienced by the spirit of a young Inuk woman who has recently committed suicide," she said. "On this journey to the afterlife, she is guided by Tulugak, a raven in Inuit mythology who is being punished for his mischievous ways and causing the death and rebirth of the sea goddess, Nuliajuk. Historically, Inuit believed in spiritual reincarnation of all living creatures. I took this idea and played around with it, but it still accurately portrays how communities deal with the tragedy of suicide."

The winners of the art competition were Mercedes Sandy, of Christian Island, Ontario (junior category), and Nicole Paul, of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan (senior category).

The competition is run by Historica Canada. Canada's History Society is a key sponsor, as is Enbridge Inc.

Aviaq Johnston
Age 21, Inuit
Iqaluit, Nunavut

Tarnikuluk

Tulugak stood on the sturdy telephone pole in front of a church in the community. To the people gathering at the small building, he only appeared as a raven observing the view. It seemed as if the whole community had come to the church today; people were overflowing out of the structure, spilling onto the street. There was a mess of vehicles parked: pickup trucks, small SUVs, and dozens of snowmobiles. Weepy singing lilted out of the church as the people sang their sorrows. A death had come to the community again, and this was the funeral for yet another young soul that tripped into the idea that dying by one's own hand might make their sadness end.

Another soul joined Tulugak on the telephone pole in the form of a smaller, less majestic raven. She was shy and hesitant, confused at why there were so many people below them. Tulugak waited for her to gain enough courage to speak. Several moments later, in a squawk, she asked, "Is that my funeral?"

He nodded his head in assent and looked at Little Soul, so crumpled and quiet. In her life, she did not often know happiness. Her spirit was a mixture of bland colours that did not even begin to convey how beautiful and inspirational she had the potential to be. She had let these colours overbear her, hiding the true magenta, turquoise, cobalt, and gold of her essence. She stared at the crowd for a long time, eventually asking, "Why are there so many?"

"Your death created quite a morose atmosphere in the community," Tulugak narrated, "as all deaths do. However, the death of a soul so young and vulnerable creates such a tear in the fabric of the town. They can't understand why you did something so drastic as to end your own life."

A silence followed as Little Soul contemplated the meaning of what Tulugak had detailed. As the mournful sounds below them grew louder, more frightened and upset, they bore witness as a closed, nonstately wooden casket was carried out by six uniformed cadets. Little Soul remembered that she had been one of them and had had the chance to go on trips to Whitehorse for Cadet Camp in the summers, but had never gone because she would instead go camping on the land with her grandparents. Her fellow cadets carried the wooden box and gently placed it in the bed of a pickup truck. She could see their glistened cheeks from the top of the telephone pole.

Alive, she hadn't been very close to any of them. In fact, in her final months of life, she hadn't been close to anyone. Her abusive mother had been unbearably nasty; she'd never known her father very well. She wasn't close to her siblings. Little Soul had found refuge in her cousins, but, after a while, even spending time with them could not overshadow how dejected she always felt. Most of her friendships had fallen apart, which didn't surprise her. Growing up in poverty and a poor home environment led Little Soul to tarnish all her other relationships. She'd stolen money and little trinkets from the families of her friends and had alienated herself by saying things behind their backs, knowing that someone would overhear her. It wasn't something she could control; Little Soul had to lash out, ending up with ruined friendships with people who seemed to care about her. She'd wanted to hurt them before she could be hurt.

Tulugak used to shift his skin into a variety of forms, from giants to insects.

Little Soul sat on the telephone pole, watching the whole community file out of the building. First, community members, peers from school, teachers, and childhood friends came out with all their sorrowful eyes. Then her relatives from out of town, her cousins, aunts, uncles, siblings, and, lastly, her mother. All their grief-stricken faces stung Little Soul, but it was the vacant look in her mother's face that haunted her the most.

Tulugak noticed Little Soul's trembling at the sight of her family, the denial in her eyes. At first, he assumed she was denying that she was dead. Then, in an unhappy squawk, Little Soul cried, "My mother still doesn't care! Still! How can she be so cruel to me, even now? She always hated me!"

Throughout his immortal life — as punishment for tricking Nuliajuk into marrying him and terrifying her father into drowning her — Tulugak had guided innumerable souls from their suicides to their next spiritual forms. He'd encountered an infinity of lonely and anxious souls. They were all insecure, hurt, victimized, and accusatory of someone in their human life, vulnerable to that one person. It did not surprise him that Little Soul reacted this way to her mother's seemingly emotionless appearance.

"She is mourning her youngest daughter, Little Soul," Tulugak cooed. "Everyone processes their grief differently."

"She never loved me!" Little Soul repeated skeptically, ignoring him. Tulugak patiently waited for her anger to pass. For several moments, she mourned her life for all its difficulty, all the cruelty she had suffered. An abusive mother, one older brother that was adopted to their grandparents, a half-sister that lived with her father — none of them could relate to her or make Little Soul feel loved. Only in her cousins did she actually find some form of kinship. Then, her closest cousin had been flown to Ottawa by medivac for surgery from a snowmobiling accident. She'd been alone for weeks, alone with her awful mother. "She hit me and yelled at me, embarrassed me. She was evil! And now, she acts like she didn't do anything! She acts like she didn't force me to ... to ...."

Though Little Soul drifted off mid-speech, Tulugak knew exactly what she was thinking: "To kill myself."

Every time he heard the stories, Tulugak shrank. His life's purpose had been about mischief, making himself happy, playing jokes on people, and getting whatever he wanted. He used to shift his skin into a variety of forms, from giants to insects. He would use people's secrets that he overheard as leverage, use his various shapes to steal whatever he pleased, from beautifully crafted ivory snow knives to gorgeous women. He'd misjudged the situation with Nuliajuk. Ever after she had become a sea goddess through his malice, Tulugak couldn't stop thinking about how petty he had once been. He'd started out as a vibrant celestial being. Now, he couldn't grow any larger than the raven form he took.

Each time the souls came, Tulugak dimmed. He fell. He hurt.

Their lives carried such darkness and apathy. To live life on a constant edge, inching closer each and every moment that someone sneered at them, raised a hand to them, every time they felt lonely or foolish. Until one day someone just says one word, any single word, and suddenly it all tumbles down on top of them. They lose their footing on that cliff's edge and they can't remember the things that had kept them together for so long. Tulugak swallowed their painful lives in order to bring them to their next spiritual life in a way that would rid them of their terrible sadness, but doing this led him to soak it all up. He became more and more tired, more and more remorseful. Tulugak was falling into an abyss of absolute depression. Year after year, the number of souls multiplied as the standard of living became ever more dismal. Tulugak had absorbed hundreds of thousands of these suicidal souls seeking escape.

Still, Tulugak had to help Little Soul see that she must move on. "Take me away," Little Soul sobbed. "Please, just take me somewhere so I don't feel like this anymore. I need to ... I need to feel something different. I need to feel better."

"Little one," Tulugak spoke, his eons of life resounding through his voice, "oh, little one, you must see. You will never be truly happy, in no matter which form of life, whether human, or spiritual, or as a god, you will never be fully satisfied. You have closed yourself off from that possibility."

"You don't know!" Little Soul wept. "You don't understand what it was like! You don't know how I lived!"

Yes, Little Soul, I do, he thought quietly to himself. I know how the forty-year-old man felt when he killed himself last week, after his wife of twenty years left him. I know how the sixteen-year-old teenage girl felt when she decided to hang herself a month ago. I know how the thirteen-year-old boy felt when he did the same thing four years ago. I know how the fifty-year-old women felt when she decided to drive into nothingness. I know how the eleven-year-old felt. I know how you, the fifteen-year-old, felt.

"I do, little one." He inclined his head toward her, brushing away his heavy thoughts: "You have let your sadness and your obstacles become you. Until you break free from those, I cannot help."

Little Soul whimpered softly to herself. Below, the crowd had dispersed. The family had gone with her body, off to the cemetery at the edge of town, whilst her old friends and other members of the community made their ways home. Stores, office buildings, and the schools were temporarily closed for the service. Her old classmates and teachers would all be returning to classes tomorrow. Men and women would return to their jobs until five.

Tulugak could feel her vulnerability, her undiluted despondency. She was sinking lower, but he was used to this. Tulugak hopped closer to her and listened while she breathed heavily between her sobs. Why, she wondered, why was everyone around her so much stronger while she was too weak even to hold herself up?

"I am here," Tulugak began to explain, "so that I may help you move on, to carry onward and learn to accept yourself for who you are, that life isn't meant to be perfect, that there will always be better days and better people in your life. I am here to help you see that there are better ways to overcome your obstacles. When you accept yourself and the world, you accept life and all its harshness, but also its joys. When you accept these things, you may move on, and this will bring you a happiness that cannot be shaken, no matter which form you are given after this. You could move on to be human again, or take the form of a creature, or you may become celestial, like myself. You can dance in the stars or swim in the ocean. Your acceptance of yourself is what will free you. Your acceptance of your circumstances is your deliverance. This will be very hard, indeed. It will also be truly rewarding."

"But I don't care about me," Little Soul murmured, "I mean, yes I do ... but I could accept myself and everything just fine. I just can't ... I can't accept them. My mother, my father, the bullies. I can't do that. They hurt me too much."

"Ah, hatred," Tulugak responded, "such an awful thing. Hatred holds people back. It victimizes them, accuses them of terrible things, and leads them down a dark, dark path. Hatred is your excuse for not living. There is far too much hatred in the world, I think. Too much hatred and not enough love. Not enough forgiveness."

"Forgiveness?" she echoed.

"Forgiveness," Tulugak looked at her pointedly. "I've done wrong, little one. I've done such terrible wrong unto others, none of whom have forgiven me. For millennia, those I hurt have punished me, making me pay my due for the pain I've caused them. Though they feel that they are in the right, they are causing me such suffering. And I forgive them, though they had sought revenge rather than forgiveness. I forgive them for inflicting their hatred upon me, because I deserved it once, and they do not feel that I have redeemed myself."

"You think I should forgive my mother?" Little Soul scorned. "My father? My bullies and the others who were mean to me? You think they deserve it? Just like you think you deserve the ones you've hurt to forgive you?"

"I think everyone deserves redemption and forgiveness. It heals those who are unhealthy, mends those who are broken. You know ... some of those people that went to your funeral are angry at you. They think you are selfish and cowardly. They think you left them behind, that you took yourself from being important in anybody else's life, from their life and the future generation's lives. Yet, they forgive you, because they cared for you. I think you deserve forgiveness. I think your mother deserves forgiveness, and all the others in your life. People aren't born evil, they are moulded. Your mother suffered long and hard as a child; she doesn't know how else to live."

Silence bore the air between them. It wore on for a string of time that none could measure, lasting both a minute and a century. They sat comfortably, even with the thick tension between their hunched shoulders.

Finally, Little Soul spoke, her voice carrying beautiful strength: "Okay."

"You forgive?" he prompted.

"I forgive them," she spoke gently into the wind. "I forgive them all: those that you have wronged, you for hurting them, my family, my mother, my friends." She looked over the town, cloaked in white snow, puffs of smoke wafting from chimneys, growling engines of snowmobiles riling in the distance. Little Soul took a deep breath, saying, "I forgive myself."

As she flew away, light bearing upon her soul, taking her to new places, new life, Tulugak remembered that at least one of those he had wronged had forgiven him. Nuliajuk may have given him this job as punishment, but she also knew how rewarding and uplifting it felt to send a passing soul soaring into the sunlight.

Andrea Lanouette
Age 16, Haisla
Surrey, British
Columbia

Tears

Sitting here in this worn-out, faux-velvet recliner when I've got my cigarette in hand, I always find myself feeling a bit nostalgic. I end the day here every night, and as soon as I sit down it seems my Caroline is always the first thing that comes to mind. It's almost become a ritual, reliving every moment I spent with her, searching for some kind of closure.

I met her back in high school. She was sixteen at the time. I was the new kid in town; my dad scored a better job in forestry there, and so we dropped everything in Vancouver and headed north into the damp, foggy mass that was Prince Rupert. By then it was just the two of us. My mother died in a hit-and-run when I was just a baby. She had my older brother in the back seat — Dad said his name was James.

At eighteen I was tall and fragile-boned. Standing next to my father, I more closely resembled a pipe cleaner than a human. Worse still, I was a white pipe cleaner with a crimson Afro. Think Napoleon Dynamite, minus the glasses.

Orange freckles dotted my face and shoulders, my eyebrows were transparent, my pants were about four inches too short, and overall it was just a catastrophic combination of features for a boy.

Caroline was born and raised on the coast, and she was just as wild and unpredictable as the ocean that surrounded her. She was well-known around town for being the sweetest thing you ever saw. The men called her Bambi, for her soft brown eyes and smooth copper skin. Females spat her name in hushed voices when she walked by, unaware that their animosity only made her even more appealing. Her hair was always tossed effortlessly around her shoulder in loose chestnut waves down to her waist, though I think the thing I remember mostly clearly is the cigarette that hung loosely between her fingertips. It seemed she couldn't exist without it.

Her parents were both alcoholics. I used to take her on long drives when she was upset and her parents were drinking. I'd park the car off the side of the road somewhere on Highway 16, and she'd tell me awful stories about when she was little and both of her parents would leave her alone for days when the welfare cheque came around. She would be spewing tears of rage one minute, and then a moment later she'd be a silent. She held a blank, desolate look on her face when she told me about having to go to the neighbours' houses for food and having to make up excuses for her parents when they were away. Then she'd blow me away by flashing a huge, sudden smile. She'd tell me how the neighbours knew she was lying the whole time. They kept her secret because native communities were "pretty much just like big families."

"My secrets were theirs too," she'd say. She couldn't decide whether the closeness was the best or the worst part of living in a town filled with people who look, speak, and dress exactly the same. "Sometimes it's great, but when it comes to meeting cute boys it's a little ridiculous," she said once. "You can't focus on flirting when the thought of one day finding out he's your cousin keeps floating in and out of your mind." I'd try to smile then, sort of. I found it hard to wrap my head around the speed and ease at which she slid from one emotion to the next. Neither my head nor my heart could catch up to her.

One night she'd already smoked about a half a pack of smokes, and my car was filled with smog to the point that I could barely make out her silhouette huddled in the passenger's seat. I wasn't a smoker then. I knew all too well what it would do to my lungs, and so I opted to crack the window a bit.

Without warning she leaned over me, reaching behind my back for the window dial so she could roll the window back up. She said she was cold, so I didn't argue. She stayed there for a moment, a little too close for me to keep my cool. I really wish I could crack open a window, I thought. "You smoke?" she asked — her face only inches from mine. "Nope. Never have, never will," I said, trying to sound confident. She looked down at me with her big doe eyes then, taking a nice long drag before resting her delicate little hands on my chest. I parted my lips as she exhaled slowly. The smoke burned my throat, but I inhaled anyway because I could almost taste her watermelon lip gloss. Then suddenly I could taste her watermelon lip gloss. Shocked, I gasped quietly, and to my mild embarrassment I could feel her smirking more than I could see it. I was hooked on nicotine the minute it hit my lungs, but it was nothing in comparison to my addiction to her.

After an immeasurable amount of time, we decided we'd go lay down in the back seat. That was probably the most memorable part of the night, for me. It was nice just laying next to her and talking about nothing. I kept a blanket and some pillows back there most of the time, so it was pretty comfortable. I held her while she rested her head against my chest, and she told me she liked the sound of my heartbeat.

She seemed to be calmed down by this point, so I sat up. I figured I should be getting her home before her dad came after me with his hunting rifle. Everything seemed fine, when out of nowhere she suggested "running away together." I laughed at first; I figured she was joking. One look at her face told me otherwise. Tried to explain to her that it was better we didn't, that we'd never graduate, we'd end up dirt poor in a homeless shelter in Terrace or someplace, but she wouldn't accept it.

She decided if I wouldn't come with her she'd go alone. No way was I letting her out of this car by herself in the middle of the night on an empty highway, so I just kept driving towards home. That is, until she started screaming and grabbing for the steering wheel.

"Are you crazy?" I screamed. What on earth was she doing, trying to get us killed? I pulled over to talk to her, but she just turned and got out of the car. She shut the door with a slam and started walking in the opposite direction from where I was driving. Just a stunt for attention, I thought. Nobody's that stupid. So I didn't chase after her. I just sat there behind the steering wheel for I don't know how long before I somehow fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning the sky was bright grey, which I had to admit was pretty darn good for Prince Rupert. That was when I realized that she never showed up last night. A sickening feeling took root in my gut and stayed there for the entire ride back into town. Please, please, please let her be at home.

> It's fourteen years and nine victims later, and we still haven't found the killer.

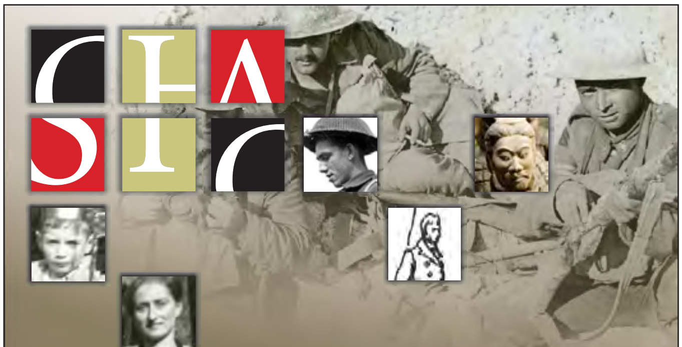
The more I thought it through, the easier it was to convince myself she was safe and sound, probably asleep at home. After all, it was just like her to be too proud to ask for a ride home. She's the type of person that was more likely to do things the hard way. By the time I finally got to her house, it must've been about 7:30 in the morning. I walked up the three creaky wooden steps and knocked loudly on the door for a bit longer than I usually did. No answer. So I went around the back of the shabby one-storey house, into the backyard, which was bigger than you expected it to be, and peered through the back door; nothing, other than the faint sound of the TV in the background.

By the end of the day I had the whole town mad at me, but at least we were working together to try to find her. We had people calling relatives all over B.C. to keep an eye out for her. It wasn't until three days later that her parents received a call from the police saying they found her body in the woods about ten kilometres east of Highway 16. Not far from where I'd spent the night. They got a tip from an anonymous source, who said they'd seen her trying to hitch a ride south. It was 1969 that year, and she was the first victim in a series of murders that happened on Highway 16.

Something inside me changed that day. I didn't feel like a naive teenager anymore. It seemed I aged a lifetime in just one day. People tend to say that I was just a kid when it happened — "Eighteen is so young, you can't blame yourself forever" — but they forget that she was only sixteen. Sixteen. That was when I decided I wanted to be a police officer. I couldn't live with myself if I wasn't able to help solve what happened to Caroline.

After a lot of gruelling training from the experts and an unimaginable amount of protein shakes, I bulked up quite a bit in that first year. I finished high school a semester early and went straight into training with the RCMP.

It's fourteen years and nine victims later, and we still haven't found the killer. It's getting harder and harder to drag myself out of bed every morning, but I always manage after what seems like a hundred cigarettes and a hundred cups of coffee. A lot of times I look at the empty side of my bed and try to imagine what it would be like waking up next to her. Most days I just smile to myself because I know that there would be no getting out of bed. Everything I'd need would be in that bed right next to me. Then I need just one more cigarette to clear my head, and, as I take that first drag, I think I can almost taste watermelon.



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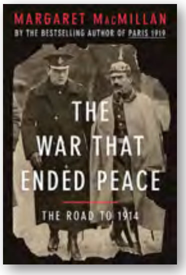


CIVILIZATION DECLINED

The War That Ended Peace: The Road to 1914
by Margaret MacMillan
Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2013
779 pp., illus., $24 paperback

Canadian historian Margaret MacMillan's newest study, *The War That Ended Peace*, takes a deep look at the origins of the First World War from the diplomatic and military episodes of the nineteenth century right up to the 1914 assassination of Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

MacMillan begins her story in 1900 at the Paris Universal Exposition. At this point, war was far from certain, and a much more hopeful view of the future was still possible. But underneath the celebrations of peace and progress were ripples of the tensions amongst visiting European leaders.

"The Paris exposition had warning signs, easier to see in retrospect, of the tensions which were shortly going to tear European civilization apart," explains MacMillan. "We know now, of course, that such faith in progress and reason was sadly misplaced, that the Europeans of 1900 were heading towards a crisis in 1914 that they failed to manage, with dreadful consequences."

MacMillan continues, "We must try to separate that knowledge of what was to come and remember that the Europeans of the time did not, for the most part, realize that they and their leaders were making decisions and taking steps which narrowed their options and which in the end destroyed their peace."

The road to war in 1914 is often reduced to the same themes — the naval arms race, imperialism and the race to Africa, the challenges of industrialization, the growth of new social movements. And, while these are all critical to the outbreak of war, the unique moments and choices that quietly moved Europe closer to conflict are often lost in a more generic overview.

That is what makes *The War That Ended Peace* such an exceptional study. The small elements, from diplomacy to the rise of popular opinion, are richly explored in a way that is engaging and immensely readable. MacMillan carefully weaves together the interpersonal relationships of monarchs and leaders as well as the social movements that were eroding their power.

At times the story seems built on rumour and innuendo, as letters and diaries are produced to show the character of European leaders. But the reality was that the leaders of early twentieth-century Europe were all interconnected, and in many ways this was the world in which they lived.

MacMillan explains after one particular flap between Britain and Germany that, "if both countries had been constitutional monarchies, family quarrels would have ruffled the waters for a moment and produced much gossip but caused no lasting damage. The problem in this case was that the German ruler did have considerable powers and was prepared to use them to achieve his ends of making Germany a world power." Perhaps not surprisingly, the book focuses heavily on the relationship between Germany and Britain, the deterioration of which, in particular over the naval issue, was a leading factor pushing Europe towards war.

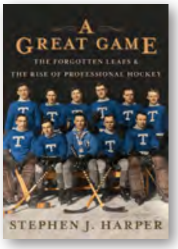
The War That Ended Peace is also an exceptional example of how Canadian history in general could use more input from the rest of the world. It's very easy for Canadians to view the First World War and its one hundredth anniversary in the context of Vimy Ridge and Canada's growth during the war — these are important for Canada. But the war should still be remembered as a global conflict that, worryingly, resonates today.

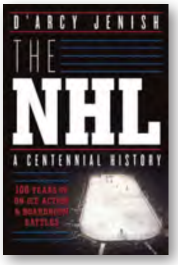
At the core of *The War That Ended Peace* is the question of change in all aspects of society. A century that opened on hope was soon destroyed, and Europe imploded as it failed to keep up with the transitions that were sweeping across the continent.

"Very little in history is inevitable," writes MacMillan. "Europe did not have to go to war in 1914; a general war could have been avoided up to the last moment on August 4 when the British finally decided to come in."

The war was never a foregone conclusion. It's a stark lesson that remains extremely relevant today. *The War That Ended Peace* should be mandatory reading for anyone interested in world affairs.

Reviewed by **Joel Ralph**, the director of programs for Canada's History Society.





ON THIN ICE

A Great Game: The Forgotten Leafs and the Rise of Professional Hockey
by Stephen J. Harper
Simon & Schuster Canada, Toronto, 2013
384 pages, illus., $34.99 hardcover

The NHL: A Centennial History: 100 years of On-Ice Action and Boardroom Battles
by D'Arcy Jenish
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2013
431 pages, illus., $34.95 hardcover

If you've ever watched the annual twelve-hour-plus Hockey Day in Canada special broadcast by the CBC, you quickly became aware of how much hockey is fetishized in Canada. These days, there's never really a break from the once-winter-only sport — the Los Angeles Kings won the latest Stanley Cup on June 13, the annual National Hockey League draft happened on June 27, and free agency occurred, fittingly, on Canada Day. Pre-season games were set to begin in September.

As part of that fetish, writers continue to tackle the subject of hockey history. D'Arcy Jenish and Stephen J. Harper have written two of the latest books on the subject, *The NHL: A Centennial History* and *A Great Game: The Forgotten Leafs and the Rise of Professional Hockey*. The two dovetail nicely, with Harper's book ending right about where Jenish's begins.

Harper writes about the disorganized beginnings of hockey more than one hundred years ago. His focus, as the subtitle asserts, is about Toronto's forgotten pre-Leafs teams and the men who made them happen.

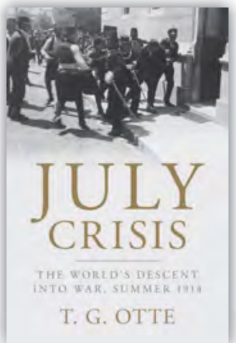
It's a difficult thing to review a book by the prime minister without being constantly aware of who has written it. When one reads sentences like, "What links the Toronto of the early 1900s to that of the early 2000s is the experience of change and growth," it conjures Craig Lauzon's television comedy impression (on the *Royal Canadian Air Farce*) of Harper as a being bit stiff. That's slightly reinforced by things such as Harper's reinterpretation of a well-known phrase to read, "when the *stuff* hits the fan" (my italics). While I'm still trying to process the image of the prime minister surfing findagrave.com for his research, Harper does get away from sentences like that once the book gets going.

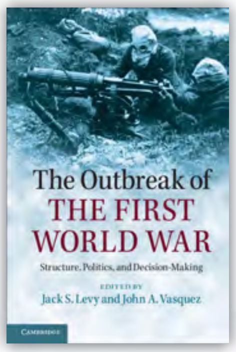
There is some irony in *A Great Game*. Harper says of early hockey boss John Ross Robertson that his "contributions came with a price: his breathtaking proclivity to control." (Ahem.) But, elsewhere, Harper writes with curiosity and a tempered enthusiasm and does seem to find the material genuinely evocative.

Harper's focus is the amateur-professional schism that obsessed hockeyists at the turn of the last century. The world of hockey at the time was a very messy one, with professional and amateur leagues, junior and senior teams. There's a liquid quality to early twentieth-century hockey that makes the World Hockey Association (the NHL's now-defunct 1970s rival) look like a model of consistency, with players jumping teams, leagues, and countries, and even using assumed names on remote teams to make an extra buck. It's tricky to write about something like professional sports with relatively few visual historical resources. Thank God for old newspapers, their archivists, and microfiche companies, as well as the army of nearly anonymous writers who covered the sport.

CAMBRIDGE HONOURS

The Centennial *of* World War I




The Outbreak of THE FIRST WORLD WAR
Structure, Politics, and Decision-Making
EDITED BY
Jack S. Levy and John A. Vasquez
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Behind the Front
British Soldiers and French Civilians, 1914–1918
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Jenish's *The NHL* has much the same focus — the backroom workings of organized hockey. But Jenish is working with a longer timeline, stretching from the First World War era to the present day. And with the setting being more recent there's more material for him to work with — some of it literally rescued from the trash. Parts of Jenish's book are very, as the term goes, "inside baseball" (detail-oriented).

In *The NHL* Jenish attempts to cover all of the league's history — but, with a league that seems to have survived despite itself, there's almost too much ground to cover. And events like the 1972 Canada-Soviet Union series merit almost as many pages as the struggles of the expansion California Golden Seals.

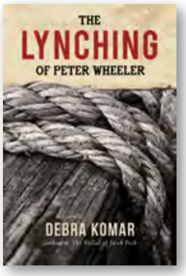
What's especially interesting is reading about relatively recent hockey history in a historical context. In the 1970s — a time when many of us grew up watching and celebrating the sport — hockey was in a precarious, watered-down state. For a young fan of the Winnipeg Jets and Montreal Canadiens, it was easy to miss the bad news coming from the backrooms of both the WHA and the NHL. Jenish's book may make a hockey fan realize how much they didn't know about the sport.

In terms of tone, Jenish is a bit of a stay-at-home defenceman. He generally plays it safe, reminding us, especially in the chapter devoted to Alan Eagleson's malfeasance, to remain critical but to not pile on — since, Jenish points out, Eagleson did much to strengthen the league, despite his transgressions.

Both books are peppered with teases. Why were the Cincinnati Stingers first expected to go from the WHA to the NHL, and then not, Mr. Jenish? Can you tell me more about Jack Ulrich, the first prominent deaf (and mute) hockey player, Mr. Harper? Of course, one couldn't possibly cover all the interesting angles without filling a thousand pages, and the wealth of these kinds of (necessarily) unexploited ideas is a measure of how evocative both books are.

Both *The NHL* and *A Great Game* are for serious fans only. If there's someone out there who never collected hockey cards, or who has never ironically named their fantasy hockey team something like "The Renfrew Creamery Kings," then these two books would probably mean nothing to them. For the rest of us, though, they'll fit nicely on the bookshelf, next to our hoarded game programs.

Reviewed by **Jim Chliboyko**, who was born in Vancouver (Stanley Cup winners 1915), lives in Winnipeg (1896, 1901, 1902), and summers in Kenora (1907).



TRIAL AND ERROR

The Lynching of Peter Wheeler
by Debra Komar
Goose Lane Editions,
Fredericton, New Brunswick, 2014
352 pp., illus., $19.95 paperback

No need for a spoiler alert on this review — the title of this recreation of a notorious Nova Scotia murder case from more than a century ago assures readers that the man accused of the crime will be convicted and hanged. And, as forensic anthropologist-turned-author Debra Komar makes clear in this meticulously researched account, Peter Wheeler's execution was a gross miscarriage of justice.

The murder occurred in the village of Bear River, at the western end of the Annapolis Valley, in the winter of 1896. When fourteen-year-old Annie Kempton was found brutally slain in her blood-spattered home, suspicion quickly fell on Wheeler, a friend and neighbour in his mid-twenties.

Wheeler discovered the body and was one of the last people to see Kempton alive, but there was little evidence to link him to the crime — at least at first. Komar shows how a community's demands for justice and vengeance, slipshod police work, and sensational media coverage combined to put Wheeler's neck in the noose.

Although Wheeler had lived in Bear River for more than a decade, he remained an outsider. Born on the island of Mauritius off the coast of Africa, he was dark-skinned, and Komar finds plenty of evidence that the overt prejudice of the times was a major factor in his conviction.

The village's rumour mill transformed Wheeler into a fiend who had tried to rape the girl before killing her. Local newspapers were replete with lurid details, false leads, and speculation about the crime, ensuring he was convicted in the court of public opinion long before he stood trial.

Komar mounts a scathing attack on Nova Scotia's Victorian-era editors and reporters for being more interested in selling newspapers than in informing the public. It's an easy accusation to make — and one still heard today — but the sheer volume of pre-trial publicity, almost all of it anti-Wheeler, proves her point.

Also singled out for censure is Nicholas Power, a Halifax detective called in to take charge of the investigation. Power is remembered as a legendary sleuth who solved scores of Nova Scotia murders and other crimes in his long career, but Komar exposes him as a shameless self-promoter who rushed to judgment, tried his cases in the media, and tailored evidence to implicate whomever he considered the prime suspect.

The evidence Power assembled against Wheeler was circumstantial and weak. The time of Kempton's death was in dispute, witnesses changed their stories, and there was no shortage of people with bad things to say about the accused's behaviour and character.

Local outrage forced the courts to grant a rare change of venue, moving the trial to a town in a neighbouring county, but Wheeler was convicted despite this precaution. His execution in September 1896 drew thousands to the seaport town of Digby, and it was feared a mob might storm the jailhouse and lynch the prisoner before the state could do the job. Hangings were no longer public spectacles, but, in a scene straight out of a Gothic novel, the sheriff put Wheeler's corpse on display to satisfy the unruly, drunken throng.

Much has changed in the almost 120 years since Kempton's death; advances in

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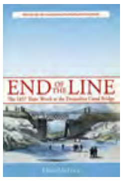
forensic science and police procedures, the Charter's guarantees of a fair trial, journalists' codes of ethics, and pretrial bans on the publication of evidence have curbed many of the excesses Komar has unearthed. "Should you ever lament that the system favours the accused at the expense of the victim," she writes, "recall well the saga of Peter Wheeler, a man stripped of all rights or any hope of a fair trial."

With this book, Wheeler joins the ranks of David Milgaard, Donald Marshall, and other Canadians wrongfully convicted of murder. Or was he? Wheeler should never have been convicted based on such flimsy evidence, but, before his execution, several newsmen claimed he had admitted to killing Kempton. Komar, though, dismisses the reputed confessions as fabrications and further evidence of an out-of-control press.

The book ends with a question that Komar, despite her exhaustive research, is unable to answer: If Wheeler was railroaded, who killed Annie Kempton? More than a century later, the jury is still out.

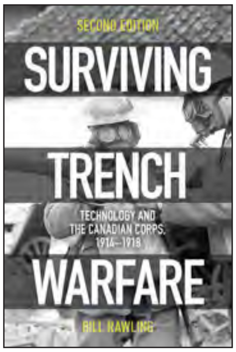
Reviewed by **Dean Jobb**, the author of *Empire of Deception*, the true story of a master swindler in 1920s Chicago who escaped to a new life in Nova Scotia, to be published in 2015 by HarperCollins Canada.

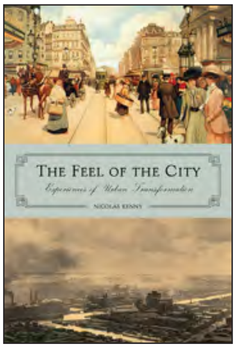
More Books

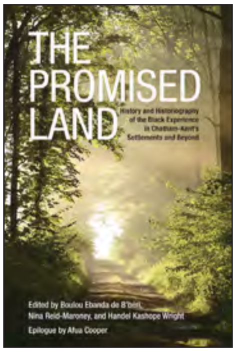


End of the Line:
The 1857 Train Wreck at the Desjardins Canal Bridge
by Don McIver
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2013
209 pp., illus., $26.99 paperback

As the saying goes, hindsight is 20/20. Looking back, we can also see that one of the worst railway wrecks in North American history involves its share of irony.







New from University of Toronto Press

Surviving Trench Warfare
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Surviving Trench Warfare offers a whole new understanding of the First World War, replacing the image of a static trench war with one in which soldiers actively struggled for control over their weapons and their environment, and achieved it.

The Feel of the City
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by Nicolas Kenny
The Feel of the City exposes the sensory experiences of city-dwellers in Montreal and Brussels at the turn of the century and the ways in which these shaped the social and cultural significance of urban space.

The Promised Land
History and Historiography of the Black Experience in Chatham-Kent's Settlements and Beyond
edited by Boulou Ebanda de B'béri et al
The Promised Land presents the everyday lives of individuals and families in the Chatham-Kent area of Ontario and highlights early cross-border activism to end slavery in the United States.

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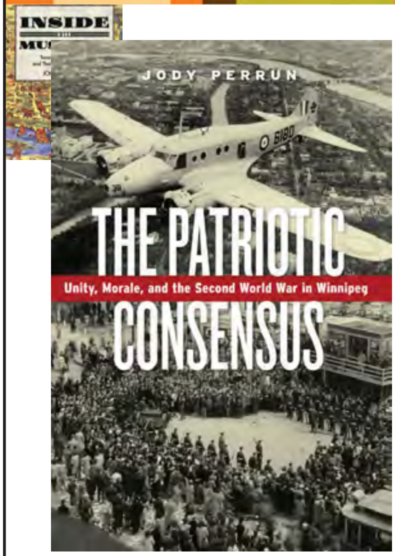


University of Manitoba Press

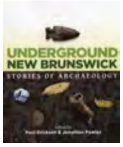
The Patriotic Consensus
Unity, Morale, and the Second World War in Winnipeg
by Jody Perrun
PB • $27.95 • 288 pp • 5½ X 8 ½ • 978-0-88755-749-1

In *End of the Line: The 1857 Train Wreck at the Desjardins Canal Bridge*, retired economist Don McIver examines the collapse of the bridge in Hamilton, Ontario. McIver focuses on two ironies of the disaster that killed sixty people in 1857 — first, that Samuel Zimmerman, the general contractor for that section of the Great Western Railway, died in the accident and is believed to have skimped on its construction, and second, the fact that the bridge's designer was one of the most respected bridge engineers of the day.

With accounts from survivors, quotes from newspapers, and images of the disaster and of those involved, McIver takes readers to the minutes before a wheel axle broke on the Toronto-to-Hamilton train, causing it to derail with such force that the bridge collapsed and the train cars fell into the frozen canal below. One of McIver's favourite stories is about a man who got off one stop early for a breath of fresh air or a quick drink at a local tavern. He lost track of the time and missed the train. Minutes later, it crashed.

McIver also studies the social, political, and economic environment before the Great Western Railway was built and concludes with a look at the inquest into the disaster, showing how the tragedy resulted from a confluence of events and decisions.

— **Danelle Cloutier**



Underground New Brunswick: Stories of Archaeology
edited by Paul Erickson and Jonathan Fowler
Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 2013
176 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

Before Ontario: The Archaeology of a Province
edited by Marit K. Munson and Susan M. Jamieson
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2013
260 pp., illus., $39.95 paperback

From uncovering unexploded nineteenth-century bombs in Saint John to solving a "history mystery" involving a dugout canoe, *Underground New Brunswick* digs deep to tell a variety of stories about archaeological work in that province. Written by archaeology professionals and enthusiasts and edited by two professors at St. Mary's University in Halifax, the book provides an engaging look at the challenges archaeologists face when doing their work.

For instance, in the case of a mysterious dugout canoe that washed up on a beach after a storm in 2002, the challenge was in obtaining an accurate age through tree-ring dating. The author describes in amusing detail how he and a graduate student awkwardly drilled into the rotting wood to obtain core samples as the artifact sat in a bath of preservative liquid. They eventually discovered that the white pine from which it was made had been cut down in 1557, making the canoe the oldest known watercraft in Atlantic Canada.

As the book notes, construction workers are often the first to come across archaeological artifacts. But rarely does it happen as dramatically as in 2009, when the Ordnance Building in Saint John was being renovated to attract commercial clients. While excavating, workers found an 1880s Royal Navy bomb. Construction stopped immediately

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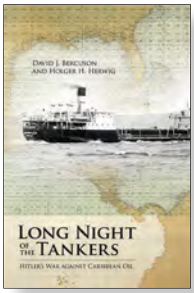

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David J. Bercuson and Holger H. Herwig

9781552387597 pb | 9781552387627 epub
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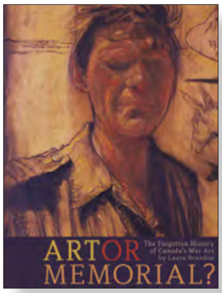

ART OR MEMORIAL?
The Forgotten History of Canada's War Art
Laura Brandon

9781552381786 pb, 2006
192 pp, $64.9, illustrations

Seeks to illuminate Canadian war art's sometimes-hidden presence in the nation's memory and show how it influences how we remember as a nation.

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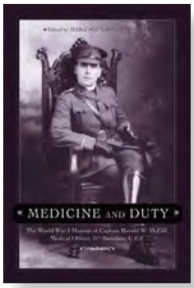

MEDICINE AND DUTY
The World War I Memoir of Captain Harold W. McGill, Medical Officer, 31st Battalion C.E.F.
Edited by Marjorie Barron Norris

9781552381939 pb, 2007
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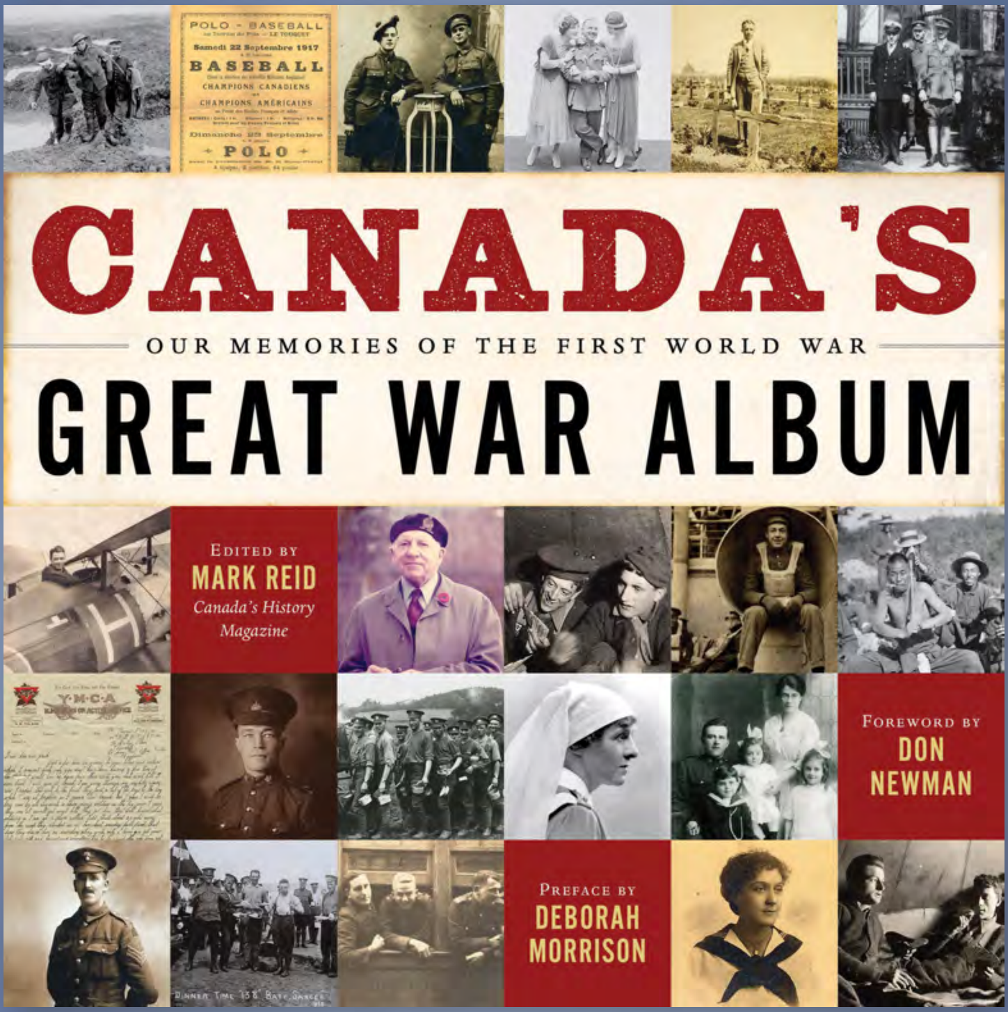
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OUR MEMORIES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR
GREAT WAR ALBUM
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DEBORAH MORRISON

A compelling and moving account of the First World War told through the personal stories and photographs of Canadian families, including contributions from Peter Mansbridge, Charlotte Gray, J. L. Granatstein, Christopher Moore, Jonathan Vance, and Tim Cook.

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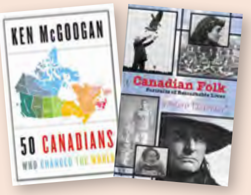
as Defence Department experts rushed in with X-ray equipment and found thirty-three similar unexploded but potentially live bombs. Each was gently removed and safely detonated at CFB Gagetown, ending the archaeological bomb scare.

Readers will also learn about how archaeologists work with police to identify human remains. In one case in 2011, a map drawn by a psychic led searchers to the skull of a missing elderly man in a dense boggy forest in Miramichi. A forensic archaeology team determined that carnivores had scattered the remains and used knowledge of coyote feeding behaviour to recover the rest of the skeleton.

Before Ontario: The Archaeology of a Province also has various experts weighing in, this time on Ontario's archaeological heritage. The first part of the book gives a broad overview of Ontario's prehistory, while the second part deals with the different elements of archaeological investigation. For instance, there's more to archaeology than pottery, stone tools, and bones. There is also the "archaeology of the invisible" — that is, paleoethnobotany, the study of ancient plants and how they were used by human beings. This sometimes involves the microscopic examination of pollens and spores that are invisible to the naked eye.

Before Ontario has more of a textbook-like feel. The stories it tells are broader and more general. It is, however, richly illustrated with graphs, sidebars, art, and high-quality photography. And it's easy to use as a reference because of the way the material is organized. — **Nelle Oosterom**



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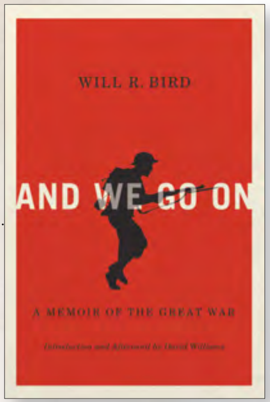
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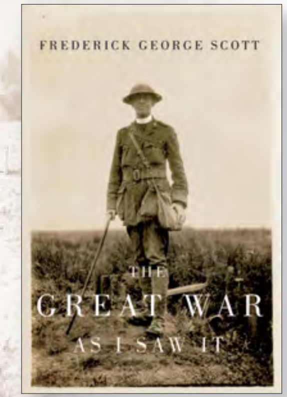

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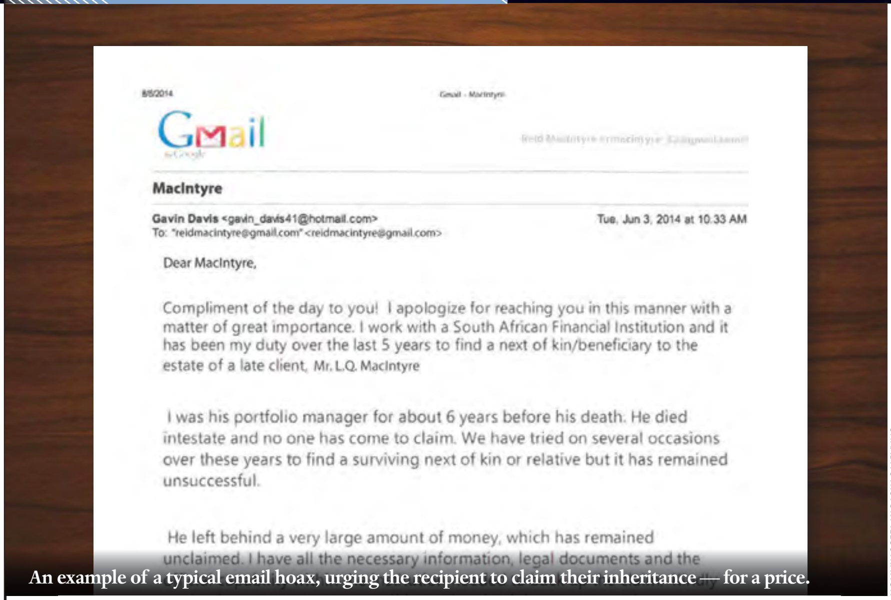

8/6/2014 Gmail - MacIntyre

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Gavin Davis <gavin_davis41@hotmail.com> Tue, Jun 3, 2014 at 10:33 AM
To: "reidmacintyre@gmail.com" <reidmacintyre@gmail.com>

Dear MacIntyre,

Compliment of the day to you! I apologize for reaching you in this manner with a matter of great importance. I work with a South African Financial Institution and it has been my duty over the last 5 years to find a next of kin/beneficiary to the estate of a late client, Mr. L.Q. MacIntyre

I was his portfolio manager for about 6 years before his death. He died intestate and no one has come to claim. We have tried on several occasions over these years to find a surviving next of kin or relative but it has remained unsuccessful.

He left behind a very large amount of money, which has remained unclaimed. I have all the necessary information, legal documents and the

An example of a typical email hoax, urging the recipient to claim their inheritance — for a price.

CNADA'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATION

Say it ain't faux!

The gullible and the greedy have a long history of falling for inheritance hoaxes, says Paul Jones.

In May 1928, newspapers across Canada reported that a consortium from York County, New Brunswick, had funded one of its number to sail to London to pursue its claim to the estate of Sir Francis Drake. You might think this odd, because Drake had been dead for 332 years, but to the claimants the huge elapsed interval was a positive boon in that it had allowed compound interest to work its magic. Notwithstanding the British Foreign Office's flat denial of the existence of an unclaimed Drake estate, rumours persisted that its contemporary value exceeded $100 billion, a patently impossible sum many times greater than the United Kingdom's GDP.

Such practical thoughts hardly quelled the ardour of prospective inheritors, which also included other New Brunswickers from Saint John. As with conspiracy theories today, official denials and procedural dead ends were interpreted — to the degree they were heeded at all — not at face value but as evidence of bureaucratic incompetence or cover-up.

The Canadian experience was but a small annex to a much grander edifice of greed, deceit, and self-deception that would only be dismantled after the United States Postal Service prosecuted organizers for mail fraud. The essence of such scams is that the bad guys falsified or misrepresented historical records with a view to soliciting — and pocketing — funds from prospective heirs: the sale of shares in the estate, ongoing legal and research fees, and genealogical services, all handsomely priced.

Oscar Hartzell, the propagator though not the creator of the Drake scheme, was convicted in 1934 in Iowa, the birthplace and epicentre of the enterprise. Despite being sentenced to ten years in Leavenworth Prison, Hartzell was defended to the end of his days by tens of thousands of his dupes who were convinced that he was the real victim — a truth seeker unfairly hounded by misguided or nefarious authorities.

The Drake hoax was just one of dozens of estate claims that occupied the North American popular imagination, the courts, and the newspapers from the late eighteenth century through the first decades of the twentieth century, even inspiring an 1892 satirical novel by Mark Twain, *The American Claimant*.

Not all of these cases were frauds. Entirely on the up and up was the successful 1858 acquisition of the Shard estate in Britain by the meticulously well-prepared Vermont genealogist, Columbus Smith. With a value of a mere $300,000, this claim fell several digits short of scamworthiness, but it inspired would-be heirs and scheming con men to pursue other estates for decades to come.

As François Weil has pointed out in his magnificent *Family Trees: A History of Genealogy in America*, hoaxes were easily propagated because there was a triple level of uncertainty about any claim: the existence of riches, the legal basis for a suit, and the determination of rightful heirs. Successfully fudge just one of these three links, and the rest of the chain could appear compellingly strong. In the Drake case, as an example, an invented American heir was all that was needed to sustain a decades-long delusion.

Why is this on my mind today? Well, I've recently received an email inquiring whether I might be a beneficiary of the late South African H.S. Jones. My correspondent, a Gavin Davis, reports that Jones died five years ago a wealthy man with no known next of kin. Davis, who uses a Hotmail address and purports to represent a major but unnamed financial institution, is charged with finding the rightful heir and suggests I get back to him as soon as possible. With a name like Jones, how could I not be related?

Of course there will be unavoidable costs to document my claim and make necessary legal filings. I accept that. But these will be but a tiny investment in comparison with the vast estate that will soon be mine. And maybe for a small finder's fee — nothing extravagant, you understand — I might be able to get you in on the action.

* * *

A postscript to my June-July 2014 Roots column, "Name games": In my last column I scolded Ancestry.ca for the misleading depiction of family history research presented in its TV advertising. Well, fair's fair. The most recent wave of Ancestry commercials, focussing on researchers and their enthusiasms, is tone perfect and lovingly crafted. Bravo! ●

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

The Thomas Foster Memorial near Uxbridge, Ontario, was inspired by the Taj Mahal.

FOSTER MEMORIAL: RICK HARRIS

Faces of Uxbridge

The Ontario township where Lucy Maud Montgomery made her home has a wealth of stunning attractions. by Faith Roebuck Shergold

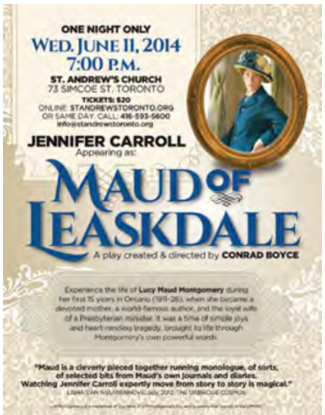
In this town, the happening place to be on a Friday night is, surprisingly, a mausoleum.

When I moved to Uxbridge Township from the Niagara area two years ago, I thought no other place in Ontario could boast the same richness of nature and history as my hometown. A couple of changes of seasons in Uxbridge have shown me that it, too, has treasures to be found.

Built by former Toronto mayor Thomas Foster in 1936 as a final resting place for his wife, his daughter, and himself, the Thomas Foster Memorial just north of the town of Uxbridge is stunning — its huge bronze and glass doors open into a glorious swirl of marble and mosaic. On warm Friday nights, volunteers fill the mausoleum with an audience, candlelight, and music.

On my "Friday at the Foster," the artist was Bryan Rason, an acoustic finger-style guitarist. Many of his original songs were as ethereal as the evening light through the stained glass. Some of his songs, especially the rock covers, were vivid and energetic, like the wild twists of colour filling the memorial's dome. The music and the memorial complemented each other, and I was left with the memory of a gorgeous spring evening (and one of Rason's CDs).

Uxbridge Township was also the home of author Lucy Maud Montgomery. Her home in Leaskdale has been turned into a museum that's open during the busy summer season or by appointment and for special events. Montgomery moved there from her beloved Prince Edward Island in 1911. Eleven of her books were written in the Leaskdale manse, which has been lovingly restored by dedicated volunteers. Along with her minister husband, Ewen Macdonald, Montgomery was active in the Presbyterian church located across the road. The church is now a historic site open to visitors.



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"Maud is a cleverly pieced together running monologue, of sorts, of selected bits from Maud's own journals and diaries. Watching Jennifer Carroll expertly move from story to story is magical."

The many photos taken by Montgomery, and her numerous journal entries describing the home, helped volunteers restore the manse to look like it did in 1917. Visitors can see the library where her husband worked and the parlour, with its large window, where Montgomery did most of her writing. During a tour, we ran our hands along the surprisingly short stairway banisters. We found four bedrooms: the master, the maid's room, the guest room, and the room shared by her two sons.

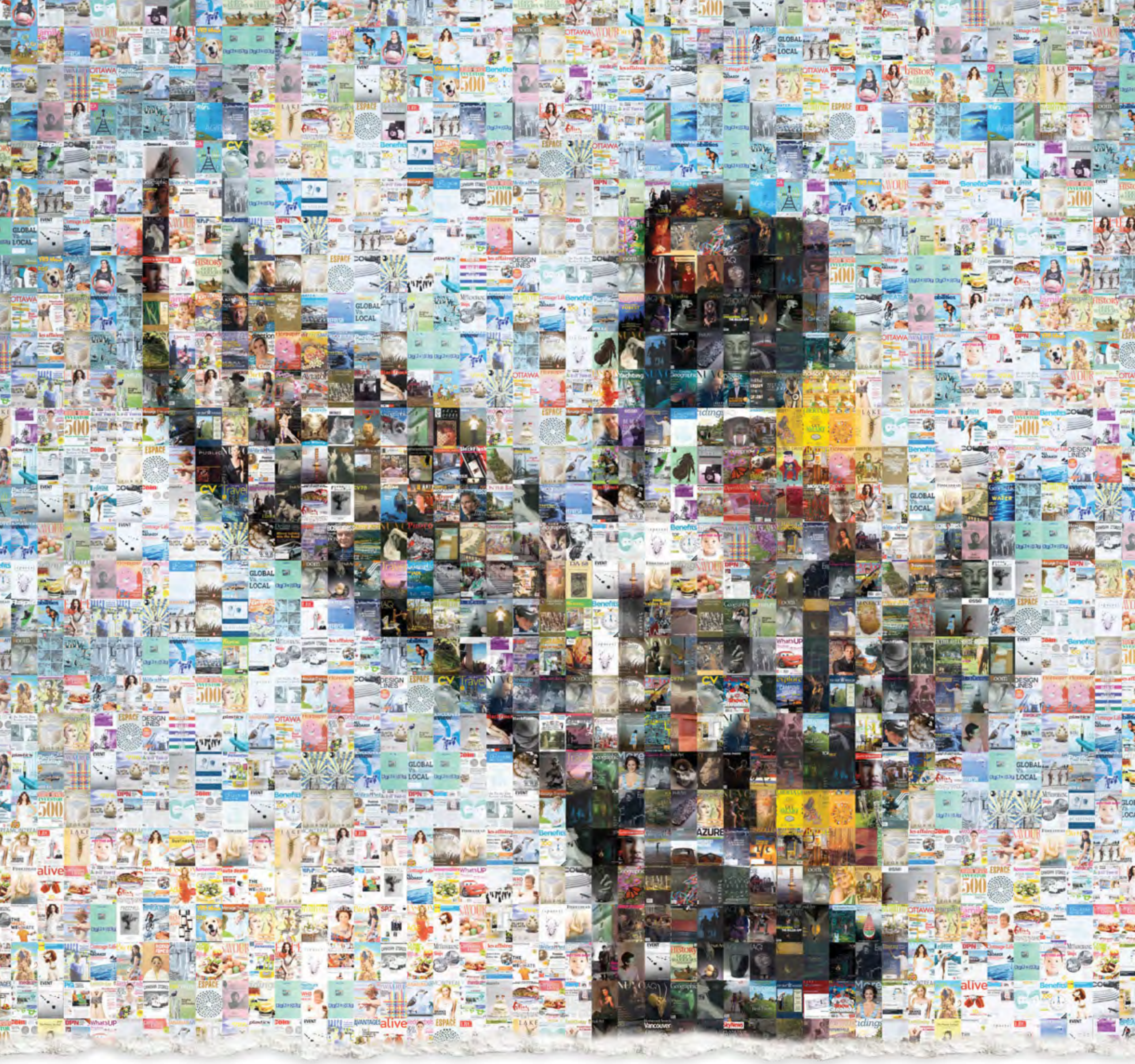
After the tour, we stayed for the touching performance of a one-woman play, *Maud of Leaskdale*, adapted by a local playwright from Montgomery's journals of the time. No one can capture the essence of her life in Leaskdale better than Lucy Maud Montgomery herself, and one senses echoes of Anne and Emily, her two best-loved characters, in Montgomery's own voice. Her life as depicted on the stage was bitter and sweet in turns. Most of us left with tears in our eyes.

Later, we spent a foggy fall day exploring another historic highlight — the York-Durham Heritage Railway. It runs between Uxbridge's historic and distinctive "witch's hat"-style train station and Whitchurch-Stouffville. The station itself is one of the highlights of the trip. Restored in the early 1990s, the waiting and baggage rooms have been turned into a country gift shop and local rail museum. The original ticket windows, staffed by volunteers, still served their purpose as we confirmed tickets we had purchased online.

On our ride, the colourful foliage and rolling hills of the Oak Ridges Moraine were just glimpsed through the fog. But we were in good company, the seats in the old cars were comfortable, and there were great volunteers along to improve the ride for adults (lots of train talk) and children (a clown and musician). Since then, the YDHR has restored a dining car, so you can now get a full meal as part of your ride. And kids will like the opportunity to ride in the caboose!

Uxbridge is my home because of a twist of fate. But now that I know it, I love it. I think you will, too.

When not working as a teen, digital, and community librarian, Faith Roebuck Shergold enjoys singing in a choir, volunteering with a historical society, getting literary tattoos, and riding country roads on an iron horse.



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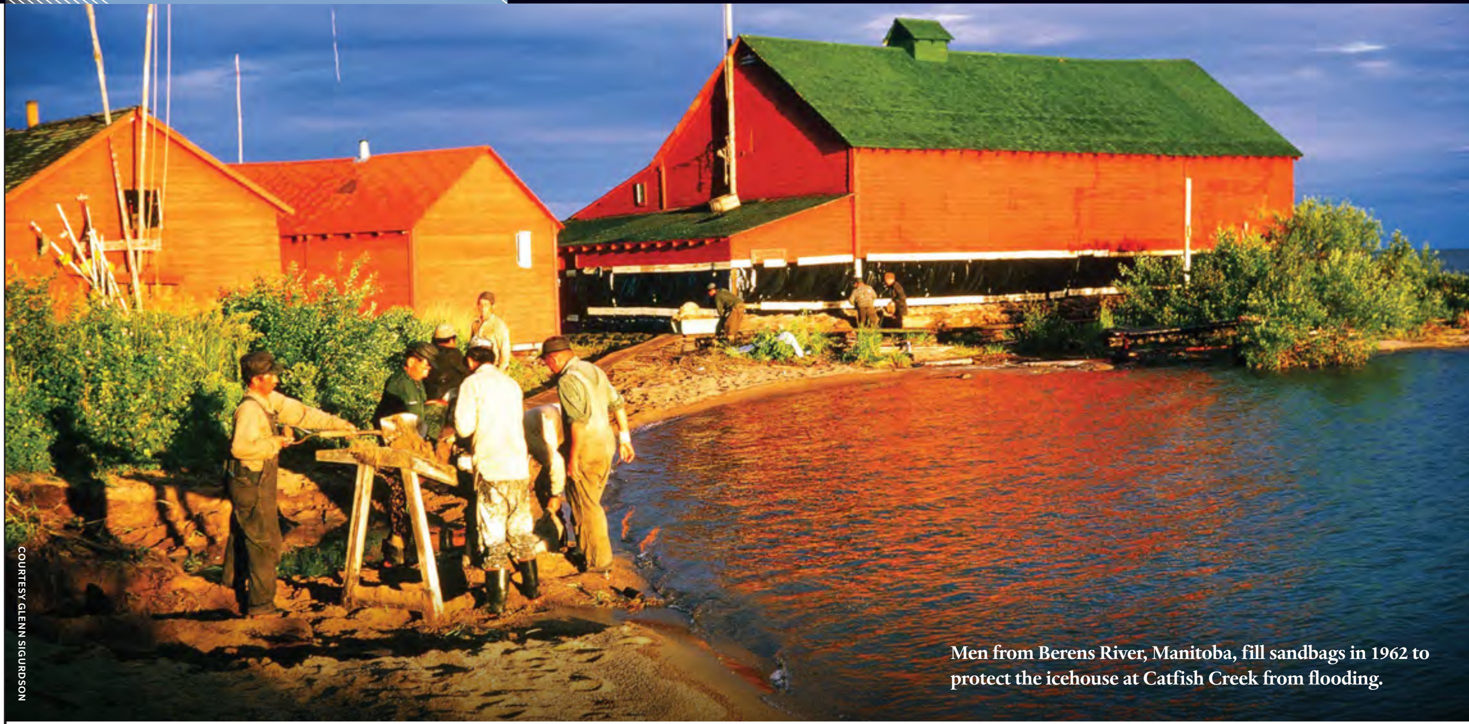


COURTESY GLENN SIGURDSON

Men from Berens River, Manitoba, fill sandbags in 1962 to protect the icehouse at Catfish Creek from flooding.

Making waves

Manitoban Glenn Sigurdson brings the history of New Iceland to life in his memoir about growing up along Lake Winnipeg.

As a mediator, I work in the space where big problems meet big organizations with many diverse players, all of them connected in one way or another to a problem. Interests, values, and power collide, often in the vortex where the economy, the environment, and society intersect. I am the man in the middle helping to resolve deeply embedded differences. So why would a guy like me start writing about a group of Icelandic immigrants living along a prairie lake?

My writing was born out of nostalgia. Often, after a particularly stressful day at work, my mind would drift back to my time growing up in a fishing family on Lake Winnipeg. The rich memories were like comfort food, often eliciting laughter or tears. Over time, I began to write down the stories of the people and places I had known as a boy.

I didn't know it then, but, like Bilbo in *The Hobbit*, I was beginning a great journey that would, over the course of several years, culminate in my recently published memoir, *Vikings on a Prairie Ocean: The Saga of a Lake, a People, a Family and a Man.*

The story of Icelandic settlement along Lake Winnipeg began in the 1870s, when the government of Sir John A. Macdonald was trying to solidify Canada's hold over the newly acquired North-West Territory, which included most of the land north and west of current-day Ontario. Sturdy settlers were needed to fill this territory.

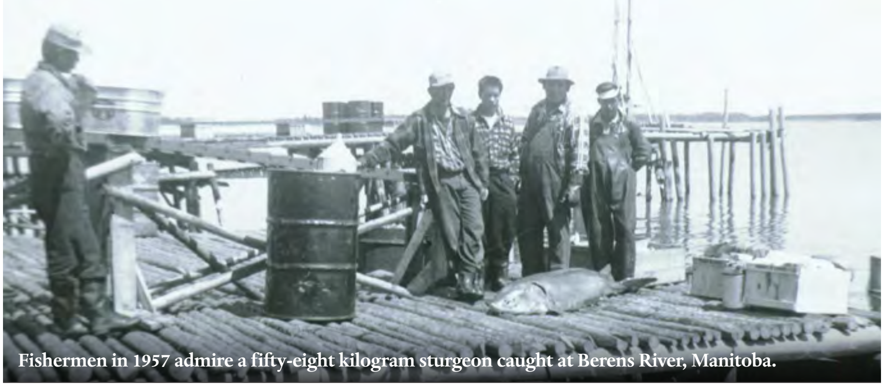
Lord Dufferin, Canada's third post-Confederation Governor General, believed Icelanders would fit the bill. Dufferin had visited the island in 1855. In his 1856 *Letters from the High Latitudes* he described the islanders as a hardy people with "an almost miraculous exuberance of mental powers." Dufferin urged Macdonald to invite the Icelanders to settle in the West. A plan was devised to create an "Icelandic Reserve" along nearly 130 kilometres of the western shore of Lake Winnipeg. This area was at that time part of the District of Keewatin that extended north of Manitoba — then just a postage-stamp-shaped province extending only fifty-eight kilometres north of Winnipeg.

The first Icelanders arrived in 1875. My family arrived the following year. These first immigrants were impoverished sheep farmers whose grazing lands in Iceland had been destroyed by volcanic eruptions. Buoyed by the promise of a new life in New Iceland, they were greeted upon their arrival by intolerable cold and snow, deadly smallpox, tormenting mosquitoes, and near starvation. Many settlers left after just a few years.

Thank God for the fish. A few fish pulled through a hole in the ice of Lake Winnipeg staved off starvation during my family's first winter, spent in a shack on Hecla Island, about three hours drive north of modern-day Winnipeg. By 1882, my great-grandfather and his brother had hauled in the first commercial catches of fish near Hecla. Soon, this colony of sheep farmers turned fishermen was selling its catches in Chicago and New York. News of Lake Winnipeg's

The author, age six, in 1953 with his dog Major.

COURTESY GLENN SIGURDSON


Fishermen in 1957 admire a fifty-eight kilogram sturgeon caught at Berens River, Manitoba.

COURTESY GLENN SIGURDSON

bounty lured more Icelanders to Manitoba. My ancestors emerged as leaders in the blossoming community.

In writing my memoir, I came to realize just how much I had been shaped by my heritage. The Icelanders understood that to make a life in this rugged land they would need to resolve their differences and work together. They would need to forge relationships with the First Nations as well as with the merchants and businesspeople to the south. Gradually, they established local governance, launched a newspaper, organized churches, and set up schools.

As someone who worked for years as a lawyer representing First Nations impacted by Manitoba's hydro developments and also by mercury contamination of rivers flowing into and out of the lake, the story of New Iceland's cooperation with local First Nations was inspiring. These early settlers were the epitome of what it takes to build a sustainable future. Their story gave me new insights into connecting the past, the present, and the future.

The Icelandic diaspora has spread across North America since those early days along Lake Winnipeg. However, all of its members still find their place and identity lodged in that "prairie ocean." And, each year, many return home to celebrate Islendingadagurinn — an annual Icelandic festival held in Gimi, Manitoba, each August — where they rekindle friendships and refresh their roots.

Glenn Sigurdson, a native of Riverton, Manitoba, who now lives in Vancouver, is a mediator, teacher, writer, and former lawyer (VikingsOnaPrairieOcean.com).

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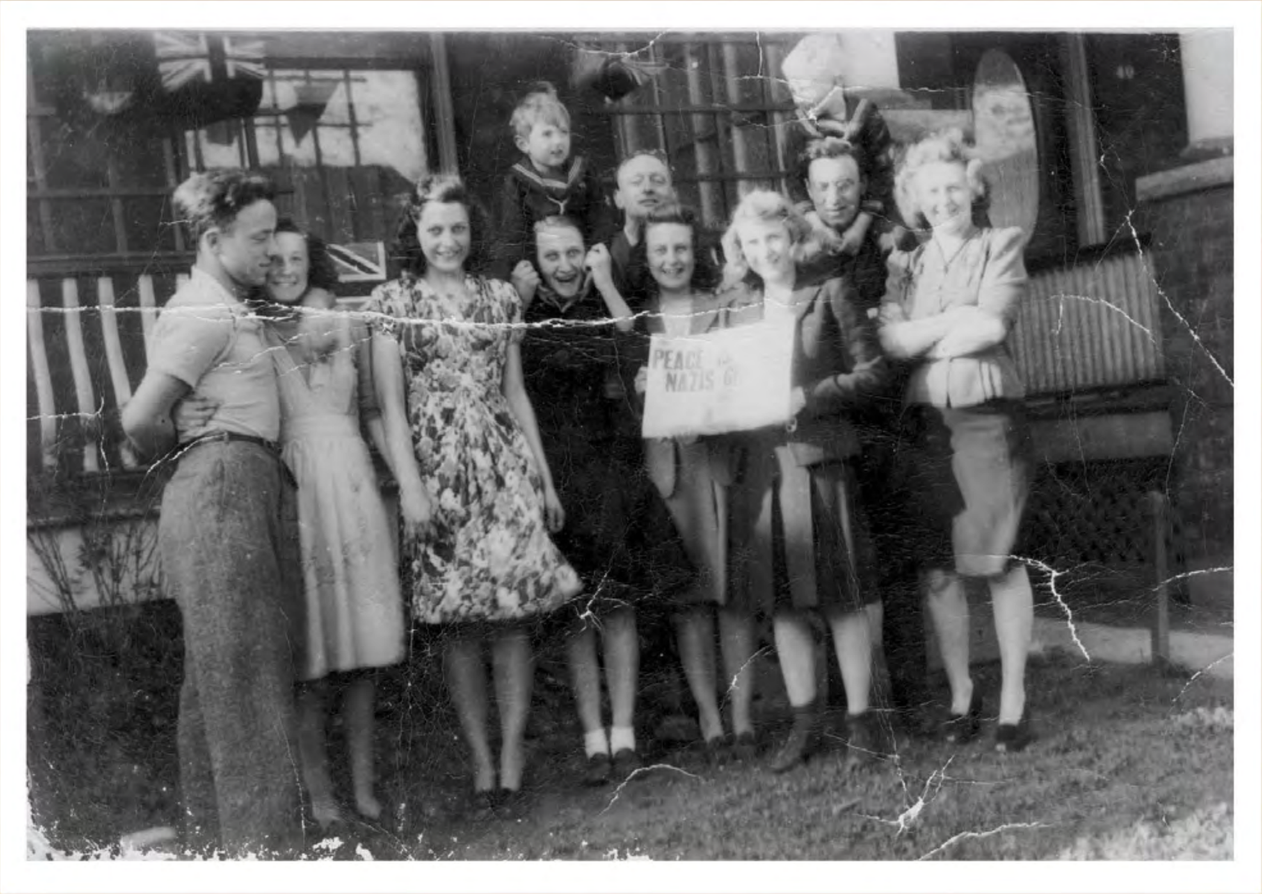

A day for celebrating

May 7, 1945, was a day Rose Elsegood would long remember, even though she was only twelve. Her teacher had told the class that the war was over, Nazi Germany had surrendered, and lessons were done for the day.

Elsegood joined the excited, cheering children cascading out of schools and into the Toronto streets. "This man in a business suit stopped her … and asked what was going on," said Janette Kasperski, Elsegood's daughter. "She said the war was over, and he threw his briefcase up in the air, and his papers flew all over the place."

Rose arrived home to see that her family had gathered, and that was when this photograph was taken. She is holding the newspaper that reads, "Peace is here, Nazis give up," and remembers the house being full of people that night. As neighbours made their way door-to-door to celebrate, her father passed out drinks to all the guests.

For Rose's sister Eleanor, the end of the war couldn't have come any sooner. Her boyfriend and future husband, Grant Rowland, had just turned eighteen. If the conflict had continued, he would have gone overseas to fight.

The war had already affected another sister, Evelyn, and her boys, David and Tom. Evelyn's husband, Thomas Carthew of the Queen's Own Rifles, spent most of the war overseas, but his sons — seen here on the shoulders of her sister and her brother-in-law — had been too young to remember his departure.

After the war, Rose worked three summers as a farmhand. As men returned, many attended university, leaving farms in need of workers. Women like Rose who took these jobs were called "farmerettes."

"She would work from June to October and got as much as fifty dollars," said Kasperski. "She considered herself rich when she had that."

Submitted by Janette Kasperski, daughter of Rose Elsegood. Text by Steve Ducharme

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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